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FALLING LEAVES

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The autumu leaves are falling softly, slowly, Upon the grassy graves where dear ones lie, On the brown hill, or in the valley lowly, And sadly, mournfully the winds go by.

So falls the antumn of the year about us, And life's sad autumn cometh to the heart; And many a tender thought is falling sadly On the dead hopes that filled so bright a part.

Oh. sweet, dead hopes! We wept to see you dying For oh, we loved you! But, like summer flowers, You perished, when the frost-wind, wailing, sighing Blew through the languor of the autumn hours!

It is most sweet to think that, when the winter Has come and gone, sweet spring shall have control
and bud and blossom know a resurrection
Like that, which, after death, awaits the soul,

Oh, can it be that, in the Spring Eternal,
That, after death, shall come to you and me,
These poor dead hopes shall spring, in beauty vernal,
And grow to glad us in eternity?

do not know, but oh! the thought has thrilled me With yearning for the hopes, born in the world's wild strife,
And I shall pray that dreams most sweetly cherished
May find fruition in the after life!

Coral and Ruby: THE RETRIBUTION OF A LIFE-TIME

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON. AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED
"CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DEATH AT THE BRIDAL. THERE was a golden mist in the air. A soft

There was a golden mist in the air. A soft haze which mellowed the dazzling splendor of a glowing midsummer day.

The place was in Virginia. Mountains loomed up at the back of it, their rugged outlines softened by blue distance. Broad tobacco fields stretched on either side, and a little village, straggling in form, of a couple of irregular streets, would be known at a glance as the negro-quarters. Yet it had not the appearance of a prosperous place. Fences were down, half of the wide fields had gone to waste, while the other half lacked the luxuriance in growth of the broad-leaved plant which denotes careful culture.

Foliage tangled in its native wildness about the low, plain brown house—this Virginia

the low, plain brown house—this Virginia mansion. Creeping vines ran riot where they would—a profusion of trumpet-vines among them, whose scarlet, bell-shaped blossoms lent a brightness to it all which made the wilder-brightness to it all which made the wilderness one of delight. There was a smooth, close-shaven turf, the one feature about the

grounds which had evidently received care. That this was some festive occasion one might judge. There were groups of people upon the lawn and in the wide, bare porches which opened on every side of the low, rambling house. All old Virginia people, owning as much pride of aristocracy as the Old World

ever boasted. One figure was stationed beyond the limit where these guests wandered—a young man carelessly dressed, pale and jaded, glooming fiercely at the mansion half concealed by the tangled, verdant growths. His face changed, a sudden light succeeded by an ugly scowl chased across it, when a girl dressed all in white

leaned out for a moment from one of the upper It was Helene Pomroy—Helene Pomroy in her wedding-robes, complete all but the bridal vail which floated like a snowy mist from its orange wreath over a no less snowy couch within the room—Helene Pomroy, who would this day bring back to the proud but impoverished house the glory of wealth which had departed from it—bring it back by a marriage with one of Richmond's wealthiest men. With a young man, too, and a handsome one—all the county agreed in pronouncing Helene's an

A clock in the chamber was striking the half-hour. It was half-past four of the afternoon. At five she would go down to meet her bridegroom—would utter her vows to love and be true to him in deed and thought above all others through life.

enviable lot

The slender white hands locked together in a strained clasp as she leaned against the open casement, and a lone ring—a great solitaire diamond—caught a sunray and flashed it up against her sight like a cruel knife-thrust. She shrunk a little, but her set features did not change; a slight breeze stirred the leaves, swaying the branches which almost interlaced before her window, and she had a momentary glimpse of the man who stood far back, leaning against a tree-trunk, gazing fixedly up at

her.

"Helene, will you put on your vail, now? The girls are waiting, and Mr. Stuyvesant is in sight from the observatory, some one said."

"Not just yet, aunt Linda. There's a half-hour yet, a whole half-hour's grace." She gave utterance to a little hard laugh there. "Keep the girls out, please, that's a dear auntie. I am going out for just a breath of fresh air; it is stifling here, and no one need know."

is a sacrifice and not a punishment? I only saken their world for the sake of their loves," ask one little moment before the god of my he said.

"Not women like me, Clive. There is a rul-



He started, and a livid line encircled his mouth at that painfully-passionate parting kiss.

Unseen she gained the grounds below, and sped over the walks toward that lone form. He saw her coming, but scarcely stirred except to follow the advancing figure with his gloomy gaze. Then she was before him, quiet, self-contained, with downfallen lids hiding the smoldering fire in her big dark eyes.

"Have you come to give me a last glimpse of the Paradise from which I am to be barred out forever? I was contenting myself with a glance at the gates, not hoping to view the angel within."

"How bitterly you speak! How cold you are! Oh, Clive, Clive! how cruel that we should part so!"

His quietude, his restraint—he had not offered to touch even her hand—broke down the barrier of her reserve.

"Cruel?—yes, it is cruel that we should part at all, but it was not I who willed the separaat an, but it was not I who whiled the separa-tion. Do you want me to offer you such a mockery as a wish for your happiness? Do you know that my sweetest consolation just now lies in the belief that your draught will be bitter to the dregs? I think I could strike you dead where you stand before I would let you leave me for nother man's arms and bennileave me for another man's arms and—happiness. But while I know that you will suffer in the depths of that proud spirit of yours for every caress you receive from him—suffer as I have suffered through your faithlessness—I couldn't ask a more complete revenge."

"I had no choice, Clive; Heaven pity us

both!

She wrung her hands together, with her woeful dark eyes set like stars in her face, which was still and white as if cut from

cameo.
"Oh, Clive, that I should have to beg for one auntie. I am going out for just a breath of fresh air; it is stifling here, and no one need know."

"Helche, is it best?"

The troubled look gathered like a cloud over her aunt's face showed that she too had seen that form shadowed against the deeper shadow of the overhanging tree.

"Aunt Linda, they give a sentenced prisoner a short respite for prayer before he is led out for execution, do they not?—a little time to implore pardon of his God. Why shouldn't as much mercy be shown to me, though mine is a sacrifice and not a punishment? I only

"Oh, Clive, that I should have to beg for one kind word from you—only one, as a reminder of the happy dream which has passed away forever. I had no choice, I say. What woman has in these days? They rear us like lilies of the field that have no business on earth except to be fair and helpless, and then, when the proper time comes, we are put off on the highest bidder our frail beauty calls into the mart. It's the way of the world—of my world, and I am only a unit of the whole that goes to sway it so."

"There have been women who have forsaken their world for the sake of their loves."

"Helene!"—shocked at her impiety.
"For the very last time, auntie. After the hext half hour I shall strive to turn my soul linen of the world's goods. I am utterly incahart, as well as my actions, in loyalty to pacitated for a life of toil and grinding poverty; appear, then turned away, with set lips, and

my bonds. I feel as though I should die if I do not go now. Keep every one out, and I will be back by the time."

I couldn't live and struggle with such. I am eyes which never glanced aside from the straight blank space before him. So both were ways lived luxuriously and had servants to ways lived luxuriously and had servants to wait upon me. At the best I never could that parting scene. have given up my life as it was to share the ills of the world even with you, but I would—oh! how gladly—have waited years—all time for

you, but for poor papa."
"You had the goodness to tell me before,
Helene. Heart-disease—any great disappointment or excitement apt to prove fatal. I wish
to heaven it had taken him off before he snared

on in this net.' Clive, don't. Papa means for the best." "He means for the best—oh, yes! He will clear off the mortgages which hamper his plantation, he will renew the exchequer empty for so many years, he will drive his fast span and nold up his head free from his load of debtors

incumbrances, and you will be the price of it all. He is old and you are young—why shouldn't he die to spare you such heartbreak?"

"Hearts don't break—if they only did! And it wouldn't spare me; I would be driven to the same choice all the same. Hark! I must

A band stationed away on one of the small er porches was discussing sweet music. It was the signal for the guests, who were fast deserting the lawn for the low, wide rooms within.

"It seems like my funeral dirge," she said, with a shiver. "Farewell, Clive—farewell to the happy old life forever!"

He caught her hands, crushing them in his fierce grasp, his eyes reading her pallid, yet res-

'Must it go on then, Helene? Will nothing move you or warn you at the last moment?
Will nothing tempt you—my love, my life?"
"Let me go, Clive! You are hurting me—
you frighten me with that look in your eyes."

Will you go?" "I must. He slacked his hold but did not release her.

"I don't wish harm to befall you, Helene—I couldn't do that and love you. You will be miserable, I feel that, and it matters little now what comes of me. I am not even angry with you; I would spare you if I could, and I warn you. The conviction has been growing upon me since we two stood here together that I am to work you sorrow some time in the far future. your lot should be cast with mines it. Helene?"

"I heard a step. Quick, let me go."
He drew a short breath, leaned forward and pressed his passion hot mouth upon hers. Then she tore away from him, the sheen of her snowy

A man, taller by a head than this lover of Helene's, with brown soft hair, short and straight, and a chestnut beard slightly waving and carefully trimmed. Such a man as a glance would decide to be strong and unyielding—a few lines in the forehead and a cynical expresion about the mouth, which never go with the fresh, chivalrous ardor of early manhood. He was not more than thirty, he might have been less, but faces wearing the impassive mask common to his are sure to cover a wild if not a wicked record gone before.

The mask dropped; he started, and a livid line encircled his mouth at that painfully-pas-sionate parting kiss. He stood without moving, however, and when the two had gone, put up his unsteady hand for a moment, shading his yes from the golden sunlight, the flickering leafy shadows, the scarlet flame of the flaunting trumpet blooms.

was scarcely calculated to be a pleasant sight to the man who would be wedded to Helene Pomroy within the hour, for this was Boyd Stuyvesant, the chosen husband elect. No word passed his lips, not a sound, not a sigh, but there was a great throe of inward anguish, a spasm of remorse and an apprehensive thrill, and this is the silent cry his soul uttered in the oment he stood there motionless:

"Oh, my God! Is this retribution come up-ne? Is it a just return that the woman I love shall come to me with the kiss of another

man, whom she loves, fresh upon her lips?"

That was the blind cry of his soul, and he checked it there. The same persistency of strength which had carried him straight forward through good and through evil before this, led him straight on through this also. He would not even contemplate the prompting of self-sacrifice which for one instant had fluttered n a dimly conscious way. Give her up?—help Clive Tracy to a place where he might wear the love he craved? Never, never!

So the impassive mask went on again, and he had put away the last chance which might have spared him a lifetime of such bitter, remorseful suffering, as made a bagatelle of the shadowy depths which lay behind in his reckless, wild and dissipated youth.

"Helene! Where is Helene? Are you coming, child?"
It was her father's voice at the door, and

Helene moved toward him from the group of bridesmaids clustered about her. The bridal vail was like a misty cloud about her, that vivid

wedding-day, and such a wedding-day! Heaven bless you, daughter."

A passing film dimmed the hard brightness of

her eyes.

"Is it making you happy, papa?"

"Light-hearted as a boy again. I have not been so free of all care since the day you were

born, my daughter."

He turned her face toward him and dropped a light kiss upon her brow as she slipped her hand within his arm. He was a model Southhand within his arm. He was a model Southern gentleman, this impoverished Virginia planter—one on whom misfortune sat easy untill it began to grind, and then he gave way before it with scarcely a resistance; one who entertained with lavish hospitality, whose doors were always open, his bread ready to be broken with the veriest stranger passing his way. Chivalrous in his sentiments, possessing that pride of caste characterizing his class, full of inconsistencies, loved with a wonderful tenderinconsistencies, loved with a wonderful tender-ness by his only child, and loving her tenderly, proudly, albeit unwisely—such was St. John

Pomroy.

The molten golden mist of sunshine rained over the smiling earth. The pearly canopy above reflected nothing but the glory of the yellow globe, dropping close to the horizonnot a cloud to break the expansive arch. The guests whispered that such a perfect day was a good angury; there were some envious sights and a buzz of admiring comment; then utter silence in the assembly as the two clasped hands before the hoary-headed minister who had officiated at the wedding of the bride's parents and her own christening. her own christening.

The ceremony was solemn, elaborate and tedious. By the time it was over and the congratulations duly tendered, red sunset was glowing without and a shadowy gloom gathered

Then the dining-rooms were thrown open, ablaze with myriad clusters of waxlights. Great bare rooms they were, with slippery, polished oaken floors, and wainscoting black with age. But the long tables were weighted down with good cheer, and not the least notable feature were sundry long-necked, green-sealed bottles brought forth to grace the occasion from the depths of the vault, where they had been stored Heaven only knows how many scores and scores of years ago, by a dead and gone Pomroy, whose semblance, along with some others, stared down at them from the paneled wall. All good fortune to the newly-wedded pair was quaffed in a round draught of the rare golden vintage. The crystal of the bride's goblet clinked against that of her new-made husband, touched that of her father, and was raised to her ips, then it went down with a crash, untasted.

But first another glass had gone crashing to the solid oaken floor. St. John Pomroy, in the act of draining off his golden wine, started, ut-tered one groan, caught blindly at the air, and fell forward on his face as if he had been shot. Joyful excitement had done for him what disappointment might have done. He was dead of heart-disease.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT. ST. JOHN POMROY lay with crossed hands and features locked in a marble-like repose in his ebony casket.

Beside it sat his daughter—the bride, so sorowfully afflicted in the first hour of her wedded life. Sat there with a face only one shade less rigid and ghastly than the dead one in the cof-fin. Livid shadows were under her eyes, but the eyes themselves were like smoldering coals, quite tearless. They burned with a fierce heat which seemed to scorch the lids that had hardly closed in the three days since he was dead.

The house was full of flitting, ghastly-silent, black clad forms. Occasionally one would come and attempt to draw her gently away, but she kept her place like a statue of Grief, with the horror and woe of that first moment frozen in her unchanging expression. Her very heart seemed to have died with him—her sacrifice had been robbed of the one reward which had cast a halo about it. He never would enjoy the fruit of it; the very means by which she had hoped to prolong his life and gild it happily, had snapped the frail thread. Could he rest peacefully in his grave, she wondered, knowing the hopelessly dreary burden she had taken up for his sake? Would he know it in the spirit life, or were all earthly sorrows and troubles blotted out?

It was unnatural, this stony, undemonstrative grief. People began to remark it in suppressed, grief. wondering tones. He was her father to be sure; so fond of him as she had been it was natural she should sorrow deeply now; stolid despair, this utter retiring into herself-they could not make it out at all. Why did not lean upon and share her sorrow with the husband who was to be her rock of strength after this? Why did she not accept and thankful for the watchful tenderness which

would take the place of the father's love?

She felt her husband's presence by her side, but it did not move her. He was very gentle and thoughtful but did not intrude upon her further than by his quiet presence. That scene in the grounds so shortly before he had wedded her had given him a warning which he heeded

Then in the brilliancy of the midsummer af-ternoon, St. John Pomroy was carried out over the threshold, up a slope where tangling branch s matted themselves across the way, to the old family burying-ground, where he was laid away with the past generations of his kin.

The awesome silence which had brooded over the place lifted a little. The dread presence of death out of the house, sable servants busied themselves in brightening the dark old rooms, putting away the somber badges which had

decked walls and doorways.

A waxen taper here and there lent an uncertain light in the halls and on the stairway when Boyd Stuyvesant went into the room where his bride was sitting quite alone. It was the bridal chamber, and they were together there for the flame burning in cheeks and lips. He beamed his approval down upon her.

"That's right, my dear. Wear roses on your sheer as driven snow, occupied one corner; a

-E--- HAR BARUROWY WIRE ROWSHALL -E-3

tall vase crowded with snowy blossoms that least expect it at your weakest points. Fear of were wilted and drooping, now gave out a sickly sweet odor. A luminous dusk was gathering without, a shaded lamp made mellow thought me. It is to tell you this I am here to-

She was lying back wearily in a great dark chair. Her face had not changed, fixed, pallid, "I fear you? Do your worst and you can but emotionless as stone, but her hollow dusky eyes gave back his glance as he stood before her.

"Helene," he said, "Helene, my wife. You will do yourself harm by indulging such bitter grief. You must rouse yourself, you must take some rest. If I could but lighten the burden for you."

for you. There was passionate entreaty underlying

the quiet tone he compelled himself to use, but hers was only monotonous and weary when she

"You have been kind and very considerate. Can I tax your forbearance a little longer? I should like to be alone till the clock strikes; have been used to sitting with papa at this

He left her without a word. For a little while she sat with listless hands folded, and her still face outlined against the quaint carving of the dark old chair. Then the slender hands went up to brush across her eyes as if sweeping away some mist which obscured the

And this at the very beginning of life," she said, to herself. "I have lost the two I loved best on earth; I am bound to a man who will be my master but whom I shall never love, and it seems that the very blackness of despair is only brooding-is vet to fall upon me. quiet which they call unreasoning grief is the absence of all feeling unless an undefined pity of myself in the time to come. I wish I could grief, anguish, any thing but this dreary

She rose up to trail her sable dress back and forth across the stained and polished floor, then paused to draw back the curtains from the open casement and looked out into the dusk of the summer night. A waft of warm breeze swep over her face, a few stars were blinking already in the pale sky, a shrill-voiced insect chirruped monotonously somewhere near, and a night-bird raised its first melancholy cry afar off. Scarcely noting them, these things all stamped themselves upon her memory to recur again months hence when the humiliation and the anguish fell of which she had this night a warn-

ing prescience. Towering above the foliage which intervened, a darker shadow against the dusk, was the tree under which she had parted from Clive Tracy. That seemed ages ago, and it was but three days' time; were the coming years doomed to drag themselves so interminably? Seeing it recalled something, and she turned to a little closed cabinet standing in a space between two

One link yet to be severed between her and the happy girl life. A few letters and a curl of blonde hair which she took from an inner drawer, the souvenirs of that dream of love ruthlessly sacrificed. She lighted a taper and held them one by one in the blaze until only a little heap of gray ashes remained, and the last link was severed. The clock struck and she awaited the coming of her husband. Waited

so long, too, that even her stony indifference was stirred with wonder that he did not come. Leaving her, he had gone out to pace the lawn in front of the mansion. A tall clock in the hall would ring out its resonant clang present ly, and recall him to her side; he had no mind to leave her now more than the time she had asked. If tenderness and unwearying devotion ever prevailed over a woman's heart, he determined that his should in winning her love. There was a little gall mingled with the brigh pleasure of the anticipation. His head bowed upon his breast, and his gloomy, stormy face indistinct in the night shadows, betrayed that. He started as a hand fell upon his arm, and

turned to face a woman, unusually tall, darkly ominous, there beside him. "Boyd, I have been watching for you."

He shook off her hand and stood as if turned "How rejoiced you are to see me, to be sure! Who could have foreseen such a meeting when we parted, something near two years ago?"

I hoped we might never meet again in the wide world. "Kind, as of old, my dear Boyd. You would spare me the pangs of remembrance, the envious thrills over what should have been when I see the afflicted bride. I was a little

too late to be here for the wedding, as was my Without answering, he griped her arm and

hurried her away from the immediate vicinity of the mansion "Now, in Heaven's name, why are you here?" he demanded, dropping her arm and

stepping back a pace, unmistakable anger in his voice, threatening, too, it would seem.

'To offer congratulation, since you have come into possession of the fair being-the ob ject of your latest 'grand passion,' perhaps. It would have made a difference had I arrived three days ago."

Possibly-but it would have been the worse She went on without observing the interrup

tion. "Then I would have have seen the happy bride-elect and related a little episode occurri not more than two years ago in a sequestered region up among the Alleghany mountains.

A sweet summer idyl well fitted for such dainty "I haven't a doubt of your kind intentions Margray," he broke in, ironically. "Thank fortune, you are too late to carry them into effortune, you are too late to carry them into effect. Why are you here, I ask again? I left you provided for, but if it is money you want

you shall have it freely."

The woman's voice was richly musical, and she had it perfectly under control. Her face, as seen in the clear starlight, was regular and bold of feature, dark almost to swarthiness-a striking face even as seen by that indistinct

light. Stuyvesant was impressed by it as she regarded him for the moment speechlessly.

"How you have changed, Margray. I never

would have believed two years could have made such a difference."

"That time alone would not have worked the change," she answered, quietly. "Two years ago I was an undisciplined, inexperienced girl; now I am a woman who suffers and hates Believe me, there is nothing like suffering and hate to mature one rapidly; those influences work like magic—a quicker, surer magic than love itself. Do you think I would touch money of yours for myself, Boyd Stuyvesant? I would starve—die first. And I don't wish to die, for I have a whole life's work ahead of me. It is only right you should provide for the child, and I shall not be slow to call upon you when I need money for her. I am here to say to you that from now until your dying day my vengeance shall pursue you. While you live you shall know neither peace nor happiness; bold and strong as you are, self-sufficient as you think yourself, you shall live in constant fear of It is not in my blood to forgive an injury, and you shall make such an atonement as you little dream of, even now. I shall devote all my life to revenging the wrong which you shall as the wexpiate. I will be an avenger on your track, hunting you through life, striking when you sertion.

expose your own weakness. I have never known fear in all my life, and it is not probable that a woman shall teach it to me now. Margray," his voice softened, "I am not the man I was in times past. Heaven knows, if bitter repentance can blot out my reckless acts, they will never appear against me. I have turned my back on all that and have begun my life anew. You are hitter against me now but you anew. You are bitter against me now, but you must see what idly wasted breaths are those threats of vengeance against me. It would be useless to ask you to forget—I shall make such amends as it is in my power to make, and it will be better for both if we never meet again." "'I have sinned, and I am willing to be forriven'-what a concession for you to make What a softening influence love has to melt your despotic pride so far! You are willing to be at harmony with even me! You are quite content to let me sink my bitter remembrances. if only I leave you in peace! Loving once, I have ceased to love; hating once, I shall hate on forever—you and yours. You shall learn fear yet, and at the hands of a woman. Defy me now while you may; it will not be for long. What if I should go in there now and denounce you to your waiting bride?"

"I should tell her the simple truth, and throw myself upon her mercy.

"I might do it if she cared for you-but that would be too poor revenge. It would scarcely make her suffer, the simple knowledge of your unworthiness; and my revenge, like my nature, has hidden depths which you will not probe for a time.

"Have you done, Margray? Will you go before some of the servants come prowling about to discover you here, or shall I send a body guard to escort you outside the gates? For your own sake as well as mine, I trust you

will make no repetition of this night's seeking "From this time I shall seek you only to enjoy my power. You were at my feet once pleading for my favor; you shall be there again sooner than you think—but it will be to beg for mercy. While we both live you shall never know mercy from me."

The tell form moved cilently away and in a

The tall form moved silently away, and in a moment was swallowed up in the deep shadow of neighboring foliage. Boyd Stuyvesant stood still for a little space, breathing hard, his face sternly set under the light of the stars.

them together.

A check had come to Mrs. Stuyvesant's dazzling, dissipated career, however. It was more than human strength could endure to follow

"The way of the transgressor is hard," he muttered. "But we never know it until we turn from our transgressions. I would give quite ten years of my life—of my best and happiest years—if that last crowning piece of reckless folly had never been committed. Heaven forgive me for it! I shall face the result and face it down, whatever it may be

There was little good or evil that Boyd Stuy-vesant was not capable of facing, of doing it successfully, too, but an undefined foreboding was in his mind as he went back to his waiting

It afterward seemed that he had little foundation for his uneasiness. Weeks and months slipped by and he was left unmolested. He traveled with his wife for a time, then came back and settled in the grand house he had fitted to receive her. He was even winning upon Helene, and a great joy came to blot out remorseful remembrances through infinite con-

tentment in his present lot.

A year from that midsummer wedding-day a little morsel of humanity was born into the world, a mite which would knit a firmer bond between husband and wife than had existed yet. The young mother gazing into the violet eyes of the babe, at last was reconciled to her lot. "What do you read in them, Helene?" her husband asked. "A message from me?"

"They are teaching me a lesson—they show me the way through duty to love." Stuyvesant was thinking of the scene, of the fair young mother with the pretty babe upon her lap, smiling wistfully and trustfully up at him for almost the first time in this year of their wedded life, as he sat in his study later that day. The lines in his forehead were less distinct and his mouth had lost its old cynical curve; the buoyancy and freshness of vonth had come back in a measure, and he was smiling

silently over some happy fancy.
"Surely Paradise was not more complete," he said to himself. "And the trail of the serpent was over it all." Unwittingly he had spoken his thought. He looked up with a start. The door had swung

back noiselessly, and an unannounced visitor stood there.

"Margray—you?"
"I, Boyd. What a pity the serpent ever did make its appearance at all, but since it was so, our modern Paradise must not lack the enemy presence. Yours will be no exception, I'm fraid

She advanced a step and the door swung lose. Boyd Stuyvesant rose slowly up, grave and determined.

"I asked you once not to approach me again There is the door-go! If you have any business with me I will see you elsewhere, but you shall not remain under this roof."

"Yet, if I cared to assert it, I have a better right under this roof than certain other ones is shelters. You look incredulous, but you shall be convinced. Ring if you care to; I can make my revelation before the household if you pre-

His hand stretched toward the bell-rope fell

and he turned upon her impatiently.

"Say what you have to say and begone quickly, then."

"You are not hospitable, searcely civil. Does joy influence you so? We will try the effect of "You have heard. I do not understand, "

confess, why you should force yourself here."
"Only to vindicate myself and to taste the sweets of this first step toward my revenge. It is nearly three years now since your desertion of me, and since that time I have had one firm fixed purpose. If we both could live while the world lasts I never would cease to pursue you It is time now that the story be told of your ove among the mountains, and your secret marriage there, three years ago or more. you call down the interesting and interested convalescent to hear the tale, or shall we as cend and repeat it by the side of cradled inno-cence? That ferocious look is quite thrown away upon me; I have all the assurance the

law allows, in withstanding it; and that reck-less piece of folly, my dear Boyd, is about to recoil on your own devoted head. If I was innocent as a dove in those days, I also combined the wisdom of the serpent. That secret marriage which you have considered a false one which you meant as a blind to overcome a concientious girl's scruples, was a legal one. have the doubtful honor of being your wife

Stuvvesant. "It is false!" he uttered, hoarsely. It is true."

"My God, Helene!" She glided forward from the doorway, white as the wrapper she wore. No word was needed to announce that she had heard the other's asCHAPTER III.

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS. A STONE villa in the midst of pleasant, well-

kept grounds skirting the river, was the suburban home of the Stuyvesants.

Autumn had dashed touches of vivid coloring here and there amid the foliage. Drifting leaves strewed the turf with a sparse tracery darkly emerald carpet with fantastic pattern of wood-brown, scarlet, and orange. An early frost had left the summer vinery drooping, and scre-looking; and beds of fall flowers nodde their vivid tints from stalks where leaves languished, and were already falling away—like a gala-garb flung over the blight of desolation sapping out life at the roots.

It was a fair type of the life the Stuyvesants had led—husband and wife—for this seventeen years past. Brilliant, gay, luxurious, with such bitterness of desolation under all, as the world in which they moved never suspected. And yet the world knew much of their affairs, whispered the disapprobation it dared not speak penly, and made dark allusions to the mystery it did not understand.

It was no secret that the marriage, which to the world's view had promised so fairly eight een years before, had resulted most unhappily That death at the bridal, which some of the su perstitious had shuddered at, seemed to have been followed by all the evil influences they

had apprehended and predicted. For the first year a shadow, which might have been the shadow of grief only, had hovered over the wedded pair—a shadow, which friends fondly hoped was dissipated at the birth of little Coral. But within two months following that happy event, had come an outburst, of what precise nature nobody knew; but afterward husband and wife had lived beneath the same roof, courteous and civil to each other always, but holding no more communication than if they were the veriest strangers simply

hrown together in casual meeting.

Boyd Stuyvesant devoted himself with unwearying zeal to his profession of the law, and ose high in it. Helene became a leader in fashionable circles A very model leader, heartless and soulless, peo-ple said; brilliant, extravagant, admired, en-

vied, flattered and blamed, all at once. But the two were seldom seen together. They were as utterly separated in their tastes and oursuits, as though no shadow of a bond drew

forever the gay, restless course she had run. Her health gave way at last, and for a few later years, she remained in comparative retirement in this delightful suburban villa.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant made such hollow mockery of the happiness which should have been theirs, was an enigma which seventeen years' guessing on the part of the world had failed to solve. Theirs had been a mariage de convenance on one side at least, but such marriages have been before, and will be again, with never such a decided and bitter result. There were whispers of a former love affair on the part of Helene, of wild and reck-less deeds in Boyd's youth; but, after the fashion of this Nineteenth Century of ours, all that should be buried without leaving a ghost.

Mr. Stuyvesant himself was walking up and

down his library floor, with bowed head, and hands clasped upon his back. He had grown old in the seventeen years. He was gray and wrinkled before his time; he was nervous and abstracted habitually, and any sudden interruption was apt to bring a startled, hunted look into his eyes. He wore the appearance of a man always on his guard against some impending evil, yet shrinking from and dreading it.

"Seventeen years to-day, since my bitter expiation began," he was thinking to himself.

How much longer will nature sustain the bur den? The fear, forever haunting me, is the bitterest curse Heaven could have sent or hell devised for my punishment. God knows I am uffering a life atonement. If only that fiend in woman's shape would be satisfied with it.

If only she would spare the child of my love! could live an anguished life, die a torturous death, and be happy through all for that knowl For five years that woman has held aloof, has neither sent me word nor token, and the suspense I have borne has been worse and narder to endure than her taunting appearances. Will another year go by in the same way I scarcely know whether I hope or dread i

He did not pause in his restless walk, but his glance shifted uneasily, watching the door, and the view he could obtain from the long win-

In his nervously expectant waiting, seemed to drag interminably, yet it was but a little time until what he watched and waited for antile time until what he watched and waited for came. Not quite in the way he had expected, but came nevertheless, adding its share to the burden he already bore, giving him a little respite from the fear which hung a horror-cloud over his life. It came in the shape of a letter.

A square plain envelope, addressed in a hand almost masculine in its firm round outlining. A hand the sight of which breakly the still its life. hand, the sight of which brought that pallid circle about his lips, the mark of strong though repressed agitation; then he tore it open, and glanced his eye over the one closely-written page. A sigh and a groan escaped together from his tortured breast. The strong man, broken down in the prime of his manhood, was quite unnerved.

'Oh, Heaven-that! Of all the ways she might find to torture me, I never apprehended

He took another turn or two across the library floor, then went into the passage with an unsteady tread, the letter crushed and crumpled in his hand. Up the stairway where the thick carpeting muffled his tread, the length of a wide hall above, and he tapped at his wife's door. It was opened from within by a thin, sallow, pale-haired and middle-aged woman, Mrs. Stuyvesant's companion.

It was a lady's boudoir to which he was admitted. A tiny exquisite apartment; the walls rose-tinted, and the hangings rose silk under lace, it was like the inner surface of a shell Mrs. Stuyvesant reclined upon a coach, but rose to a sitting posture as he entered

It was a strangely immovable face she turned toward him. A little thinner than it had been seventeen years before, the dusky eyes seeming larger, with dark shadows beneath them, but otherwise the same. It would almost seem that set, still, deathly-pallid look which had settled upon her features then, had never soft-ened or changed. He paused just within the door, as she glanced from him toward her com-

"You may go for a little time, Miss Lang. You are quite at liberty for an hour, and wait within call after that. Will you be seated, Mr. Stuvvesant?"

It was a coldly formal address to come from a wife to her husband, and it gave him an additional pang. He had rathlessly trampled every intervening consideration to gain possestion of her, and this was a part of his crossto be near her always, and yet as surely separated as if at the antipodes. He came forward a pace, but without seating himself. I have received a message, Helene."

"From—that woman?"
"Yes." A moment's "Yes." A moment's silence fell, during which she waited without rousing from her indifferent, stony quietude. His voice was husky and tremulous despite his strong effort at self-command as he proceeded.

"Helena she command."

Helene, she commands me to bring her

throw the girl into companionship with Coral, how can I? I would move heaven and earth if I dared defy her."

"You don't dare. I have expected this for He looked at her, the muscles about his nouth twitching, his eyes full of hungry en-

Will you never forgive me the cruel fate I was the means of bringing upon you, Helene? God knows, I would have yielded up my life first, had I known the truth.

Her eyes met his, reflecting only cold sur-prise. She had raised the barrier between them, which must not be overstepped. She referred to the matter which had brought him to seek her as if he had not spoken.

"When does the young lady come?" "She is at the old place among the mountains. I am to go for her immediately, and she bids me take Coral along."
"The change of scene will do her no harm,"

returned Mrs. Stuyvesant, indifferently. "Take her, by all means.' What does she mean by it?" he asked, with

passionate earnestness. "I can understand why she should send me up into that fastness, know ing that the sight of the place will be an added bitterness, but why does she include Coral as well? Woman's intuition is said to be more subtle than man's reasoning; do you think she means to betray all to the child, Helene?"

"Would she be sending her daughter here in that case? No, she would lose too much of her power over you by doing so. She will never reveal the truth to Coral until she can strike

you a deadly blow through telling it."
"Helene," his voice was thrillingly intense I am ready to brave the exposure, and vindicate myself, well as I may in the eyes of the world. It is the only way to break her rule over us. There is scarcely a doubt but any court would free me now, and then I could defy her worst efforts. Helene, if you would only stand by me—"

"I would die," she interrupted, in that cold, changeless monotone. "The exposure, the disgrace, the scandal would kill me. If I were not sure of it, if I should even live to feel any thing again, we could be nothing more than the strangers we are now. I don't think I should quite hate you, but I should never wish to look upon your face again. It is as well this way. Is that the letter?"

"Yes. I have not destroyed it yet-I thought you might care to see it.

Not if that is all. "I have told you all." There was a little fire burning behind the polished steel bars of the grate, and he crossed over to drop the letter in-

"Are you going?" She glanced up as he turned toward the door. "Will you be kind enough to engage a town house and have it fitted up for the winter? Have it ready by the last of November if possible."

"I thought the criet here crited you best

"I thought the quiet here suited you best,

"It has not suited me at all; I have been forced to content myself. I shall live again back in town, and it is quite time Coral was brought out. The charge will scarcely be more onerous that I shall have two to chape-

"You are not strong enough—the excitement will be harmful to you. "I am not resigned enough to quite rust out

here. After this, while I do live, I shall at least taste the froth off the pleasures of life. That is all, I believe." He went out in obedience to her gesture of ismissal. Back to the library he carried his heavy heart and dragging tread, and there watched the afternoon wane.
"Why, oh, why, the thunderous cloud upon that noble brow? Papa, you look absolutely

orbidding. He looked up, with a start.

Framed in the long, low window, her laughing, saucy face turned toward him, sunshine filtering over her bright hair, was his daughter Coral. A fair, happy, care-free girl, notwith standing the cloud which had hovered over the ouse almost from the time of her birth; bu then only the vague, undefined shadow of it had fallen upon her. Youth is not usually closely discriminating. The very apple of he father's eye, treated with indifferent fondness out always kindly by her mother, she had shaken off the oppressive influence, and been merr and joyous in her own way, a very sunbeam in

the gloomy house.

"Don't you know that knit brows and frowning mien should be peculiar to you in your professional capacity only? I thought men of business always had two faces, one especially sacred for home use. How is it, papa?"
"Coral!—I was thinking of sending for you.

"Coral!—I was thinking of sending for you. Come in, my dear, and close the window. The air is a trifle chilly, I think."

"Bracing, exhilarating. This glorious autumn sunshine is preferable to indoor storms brewing." You looked like some surly Bruin as came up; will you promise not to eat me if I venture into your lair?"
"Enter, and we'll have a private rehearsal of

Beauty and the Beast-with variations. isn't apropos, perhaps. I am going to take a little trip up into the mountains, Coral; how would you like to bear me company "The mountains l—oh, dearly. It's very nice here, of course, papa, but one don't like to be

caged up behind even gilded bars forever. When and where and why are you going, you delicious old darling of a father. I wonder if you knew I was sighing for a break of this tire-

some, humdrum monotony."

He was very nearly sighing, and checked himself just in time. The shadow of his burden must not cloud this bright young life. She must not know how bitterly he regretted and misting the property compelling him to take mistrusted the necessity compelling him to take her with him. "How many questions in a breath-easily

answered though. When?—to-morrow. Where?—up in the wilds of the Alleghanies. Why?—to take possession of a ward thrown unexpectedly upon my care. How will you like to have companion to vary the monotony here?"
"I shall not like it at all. A ward—I didn't

know you had such an incumbrance, papa Somebody to keep watch of every thing I do and filch your time away from me, and be a sly cat purring over the poor little mouse—me. Thank you! I've enough of that in the estimable Miss Lang. Must you bring her here, really

"I really must, I'm afraid. We'll hope for something differing from the estimable Miss Lang, however. Are you able to bear additional news, or is one dose sufficient?"

Oh, let me know the worst. I'll take the bitter all at once, if it's the same to you." "Then I've received a hint that my daughter power of locomotion. Save for the means of is a young lady grown, and to be brought out rising and sinking in the water, the sea-cat is

this coming season. Shall I give you a check for ribbons and furbelows?"
"Papa, oh!" She went whirling away about the room in a giddy dance of delight, and wound up by throwing both arms about his neck in a close hug, and rubbing her soft cheek against his bearded one. "A check, of course, and a

daughter here. And—Heaven pity me!—I dare not refuse."

"No." The calm, monotonous utterance was unchanged.

"But, to have a spy in our very midst, to throw the girl into comparionship with Carel.

"But, to have a spy in our very midst, to throw the girl into comparionship with Carel.

"No." But you so."

"No." Put you can be clearly in the country of the surprises which seem to delight you so."

"No? But you can be glad with me, which will answer all the same. I don't think you are an inventive genius, papa, but you can be a sympathetic one, I know."

With that she darted out, and he heard her singing up the stairway a moment after. And this was the bright young creature whose fu-ture could be made or marred by that relentless,

supreme. He dropped his face into his hands with an audible groan. The morrow saw the two upon their unpremeditated journey. It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at the village station where their railway course ended; too late, Mr. Stuy vesant said, to go further that day, but Coral

unforgiving woman, whose power over him was

put in a remonstrance. "Why not, papa? Twenty miles further up the mountain, you say. But with two hours of daylight, allowing for dining here, and a full we can surely make it before midnight, notwithstanding all my acquired knowledge of mountain roads. Do let us make the attempt at least," with a glance at the bare, rickety village inn and the group of idlers congregated on

"Thunder-storm brewin'," remarked the landlord, with a nod toward a thin haze in the west. "Shouldn't like to take the mountings myself to-night, 'specially with a young lady in charge. There's a team and a boy to drive at

hand if you want 'em, though." Mr. Stuyvesant glanced at the mist-like cloud and hesitated. "Papa, he wants to delude you into patronizing that miserable old shell of his. It would-

n't take a tornado to tumble it down about our ears. I'd rather trust to the rocks for shelter than to that barney piece of dilapidation. Her urging prevailed. They went with They went within to partake of a hurried, ill-cooked dinner, and afterward pursued their way up the mountain

It was a nondescript, antiquated sort of vehicle provided for them, a carriage with high seats and guiltless of covering, drawn by two gaunt, rawboned beasts, slow but sure, and not lacking in spirit when once aroused, the land-lord assured them.

"We'll have all the better opportunity for enjoying the beauties of the night," laughed Coral, in referring to mine host's solicitude some three hours later. "To think of predicting rain—look at that moon and those stars! Where has the imaginary cloud gone?

"Look overhead, Coral. I almost wish we had taken his advice." "Ah, it is there. Never mind, papa; every cloud doesn't break, and you'll be only a wet coat worse off if this one should. I will quite

escape with the rough blanket they've given

They were not to escape quite so easily, however. The cloud spread and darkened, then dropped all in a moment like a black pall over he luminous belt which had circled the horizon. Low, distant mutterings gathered force. The wind swept up through the fringe of trees

skirting the winding mountain road. "Can the horses keep the way, my lad?" sked Mr. Stuyvesant, anxiously. "Is there no asked Mr. Stuyvesant, anxiously. shelter anywhere at hand?"

"None but to the back o' us," the boy answered. "The beasts be all right, though. They'd know every inch o' the way through However proof they may have been against the confusions of pitch, they were not equal to electric light. A blinding flash followed by a alening peal as the heavens opened, and a dense sheet of rain came down startled them They balked together, plunged, then started in a dead run up the precipitous, tortuous way. The boy was flung from his perch in front by their first sudden movement. Mr. Stuyvesant

caught and secured the reins, but having gained a headway it was impossible to check the frightened creatures. They tore on up the shelving course, gaining new terror through every lightning flash. Cora had slipped down to the floor of the carriage which swayed frightfully, and was clinging fast with both hands to the side.

"Courage, Coral. Hold fast, don't leap. Oh, Heaven! is there no stopping these maddened

Straight on, plunging quite out of the wagon track, crushing through underbrush, then the cause of their fright—a brilliant flash—revealed yawning chasm not twenty feet ahead. Upon its very verge a wheel locked upon a slender tree, but the fear-blind animals were on the brink—slipping—toppling over—starting back with shrill cries almost human in their agony. Too late to regain their footing—another moment and the frail check must give way and all go over the precipice together.

(To be continued.)

The Sea-Cat:

THE WITCH OF DARIEN, A STORY OF THE BUCCANEERS.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "DOUBLE-DEATH," "ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV. A TERRIBLE CONTEST.

ALREADY the form of poor Inez was dragged almost to the taffrail by the irresistible strength of the monster, when the Biscayan assaulted it with the keen and ponderous ax. Morganos was a man of vast strength, and the first blow of the ax crashed through the hard scales and cartilages that formed the arms of the sea-cat, nearly dividing the horrible weapon. Had the blow come with less force and skill, it would have been useless, for the arms of the creature were by no means the soft, slimy things they

Every one of our readers, probably, has seen; in the cages of canary birds, the oval masses of hard white bone or cartilage, that form the joints of that smaller species of the same animal, common on our southern coasts, under the name of the cuttle-fish or devil-fish. Such will grow to the size of a small keg, with arms from six to nine feet in length, and from these come the joints in use in cages. But in the tropics, where nature luxuriates in giants, vegetable and animal, the monster, under the name of the "sea-cat," has been known to attain the full dimensions recorded in our story, and incidents such as we now relate have occurred in very truth. But for a merciful provision of nature they would be more refused. vision of nature they would be more common; but the Ruler of all has curtailed the destructive powers of the monster by denying to it the

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compelled to rely on currents of the sea to transport it in search of food; and thus its voracious maw is ever unsatisfied, and the avidity with which it seizes on a prey is always the terrible longing of semi-starvation.

In the search of the sea to tint of her skin, sufficiently marked the superiority of her race over that of the coarse-haired copper-hued Indians around her.

Her dress, what there was of it, was of the most costly materials, a crown or diadem of

at the end of the arm which encircled the girl, thrashed madly and blindly about, while hundreds of little mouths opened in the under surface of the deadly coils and began to tear and suck at the poor victim's flesh.

The Biscayan, fearless of the flying weapon that thrashed about the quarter-deck, heaved up the ax again, with a muttered curse of desperation, and dealt a second blow at the same

The blow was effectual, for it divided the writhing, snake-like arm, and a flood of dark, horrible blood spouted from the wound over the white deck. The coils around the Spanish maiden relaxed and fell nerveless from her, when Morganos snatched her away to the other side of the deck, and laid her senseless by one of the guns, out of sight of the glaring eyes of the terrible sea-cat.

And he was only just in time to do it; for the rest of the huge arm, where it was not cut off, kept feeling and gliding about, as if nothing had happened, reaching further and further at every writhe. Meanwhile, in the waist of the ship, matters were at a terrible pass. When Morganos looked down from the lofty after-When castle, the sight caused even his iron nerves to

Those writhing arms, eight in number altogether, were twining, twisting and lashing about on the decks among the crew. Two of them, each with a shricking, struggling victim encoiled, rose up in the air as he looked, and were recurved over the side toward those terrible jaws, only to return, empty, for more victims. The braver portion of the crew were hacking at the scaly arms with axes, and had already succeeded in severing two, but the result appeared not to inconvenience the sea-cat

Like all animals of the low organization of the radiates, the sea-cat seems to be insensible to pain, and unharmed unless attacked at the center of its system.

And the center of that mass of writhing hideousness was slowly but surely lifting itself up the side of the galleon, by the strength of its mighty arms, so that the glaring eyes might be able to see the prey those arms were now blindly seeking for.

Then it was that the dauntless buccaneer suddenly leaped from the aftercastle, ax in hand, and flung himself into the melee below, fearless of the monster.

Two fierce blows, and one of the arms was divided close to the bulwark, while Morganos pressed close to the stump, streaming black blood as it was, knowing that there was the only place of comparative safety. The deck was strewn with weapons, dropped from the hands of victims; five men had already been snatched overboard to a fearful doom; the rest, paralyzed with terror at the apparent useless. ness of their efforts, had sunk on their knees to pray for mercy, when the loud shout of the Biscayan roused them anew.

"For shame, cowards! If ye must die, die

fighting! Boarding-pikes here! The sea-cat will be aboard in a minute! Stab him in the eyes, when you see them!"

As he spoke, one of the long arms wrapped itself round the mainmast, and grew rigid as a column of iron, while it became evident that the terrible body was rising up from the sea.
"Pikes! pikes!" yelled the Biscayan, and at

the word, the men gathered fresh courage, and ran to him with weapons. He dropped the ax, and seized a long pike, just as the black, rounded mass of the creature's head rose over the bulwarks. The remaining arms, four in ber, were all attached to various parts of the ship, and straining violently to raise the body, so that a moment's respite from death was afforded the cowardly Spaniards. They clustered behind the bold Biscayan like sheep behind their leader, holding their pikes with trembling

Then, with a sudden slippery surge, the great black pulpy mass of the monster's body flopped over the rail, with huge glaring eyes standing far out of its head, a gaping maw below, and came down with a heavy squelch on the deck! In the same instant, all of the mighty arms. detached their hold, like lightning, and darted

writhing among the crew.

For now the sea-cat could see its prey. But if its means of offense were thus intensified, its defense was at the same time weaken-The one vulnerable point, the eye, was within reach; and deep into that eye the buc-caneer drove the long pike, while fifty similar weapons, plunged with the energy of despair into the same vulnerable place, and into the soft pulpy belly of the fearful monster, transfixed it in a moment to the blood-stained deck

of the galleon. The sea-cat quivered all over: and its mighty arms, no longer sentient, coiling weapons, obedient to the will, shook and thrashed blindly about, till they slowly stiffened in death. Even in death, their wild blows struck down

several sailors and soldiers, and swelled the ghastly roll of slaughter. But it was only the

THE BUCCANEERS' RENDEZVOUS.

Five years have rolled their round away, and the scene changes to the edge of the tropic forests of Darien. The perpendicular stems of enormous trees towered aloft on every side, with a maze of tangled lianas stretching from bush to bush overhead, and well-nigh shutting out the intense glare of the tropic sun, so that all beneath was a delicious bower of cool verdure. The ground had been cleared of all the luxuriant vegetation below by the hand of man, and the flowers were blooming fifty feet overhead, every vine loaded with its own separate species, while the wild jasmine, tuberose, and night-blooming cereus covered the trunks of

many an old tree.

At the edge of this forest, in a partial clearing, which opened on a green savanna to the for his friends at Jamaica and elsewhere, was north, a group of men were gathered around the form of a woman, who appeared to hold sway over them, from the deference which they paid to her.

ing of white blood, although completely In-dianized in costume and surroundings. Her he opened his own lips a moment, only to say: dianized in costume and surroundings. form had all the delicate symmetry peculiar to "Hold your prate. This was naught but the

with which it seizes on a prey is always the terrible longing of semi-starvation.

Now it had risen to the surface from the bottom of the sea, where it had been lying in wait for prey like a cat, attracted by the appearance of the galleon, which it took for a living creature, and especially by the sight of Dana Inez looking over the taffrail.

most costly materials, a crown or diadem of gold, set with rough emeralds of great size, and a short skirt reaching to the knees, made of strings of gold beads, in the form of a long heavy fringe, which, by its weight, always adjusted itself to the movements of the wearer. The rest of her body and limbs, graceful and provided as those of a Greek statue, were unin-At the first blow of the ax, the long feeler, rounded as those of a Greek statue, were unin cumbered with clothing, and yet, from the force of purity and chastity in the face of the girl, seemed as proper and decent as if robed in nun's habit. The diadem on her head was crowned with white plumes, and she bore in her hand a slender spear made of solid gold,

which seemed to be her ensign of royalty.

The Indian Queen looked across the open savanna, on the further side of which lay the ppen sea, and watched, with an eager gaze, the sails of a vessel that was standing toward the

The presence of several other vessels, lying at anchor in the mouth of a river to the right, announced the presence of white men, in probably familiar intercourse with the Indians of Da-

The king of the strangers approaches, Chepo, I know his ship. 'Tis larger than all the rest," said the queen, to a grizzled old Indian. Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him.'

The old Indian bowed his face to the earth and then turned away and hastened into the depths of the forest, when the queen continued: "And you, Natato, go and prepare the palace

And you, Natato, go and prepare the parace in the air, with a feast such as the strange king loves; and I, Lola, Queen of Darien, will go among the strangers to meet him."

"Great queen," said one of the Indians, respectfully, "'tis not safe for you to go among the white devils alone. Remember how fierce and wide they are and how they have treated the rude they are, and how they have treated the maidens who have ventured among them."

Queen Lola smiled disdainfully.
"Did I not say the white king was coming, and am I not a child of the sun as he is?" Let them harm me if they dare, and the king will nunish them."

But we can not be certain that yonder ves sel holds their king," persisted Natato. "These strangers seem to be at war with the other white devils, who have robbed us of our country, but they are devils themselves."
"Fool," said Lola, in a tone of vexation

am not I the daughter of the sun, and Queen of Darien, and have I not asked the gods when the stranger should come that should deliver us from the power of the Spaniards? 'Twas the ods that promised us a deliverer: and yonder he comes as they promised. Follow me, and fear naught; the good gods themselves protect Lola, daughter of the sun and the sea."

As she spoke she moved forward with stately grace, and the submissive Indians followed her in silence, but full of apprehensions, to a spot on the sea-shore, where the savanna grass came down nearly to highwater mark, whence the sound of boisterous merriment proceeded.

There, scattered in groups around a huge fire. at which a hog was roasting whole, sat, lay or stood, a number of bearded men, rough and fierce in expression, but all dressed with a singular mixture of magnificence and neglect. All wore armor or buff coats, in either case richly worked in gold and silver. Some were crowned with gayly plumed beavers others, with morions of steel in the fashion of a previous century, or caps of leather, iron-bound, such as were introduced by Cromwell. Velvets, satins, and laces abounded in their dress, with boots of red or vellow morocco; but most of these were defiled with grease, and with sleeping on the ground while laces were tattered, boots in holes, and feathers battered, some more, some less.

But the weapons of the party-and all were armed with sword, pistol, mosketoon, or haberd-were in splendid condition, of the most gorgeous character in ornament, and ready for

Such as they were, these jolly ruffians were drinking from a cask of wine that stood on the sand, with the head knocked out, and all were alternately eying the roasting pig and the ap-

proaching vessel while conversing.

"The admiral will be right glad when he hears of our success," said a black-browed ruf-fian, in broken French-English, "for 'tis not every day that such a fort is taken by assault; and the Spanish dogs fought well, we must ad-

Ay ay, Lenoir, but that was only becaus they had no hole to creep to," responded a flaxen-headed giant, whose accent bespoke him as English. "Had the castle had a wood in the rear, they would have fled long ere they did. Well, well, after all, there was not much plunder got, and the men fell like rotten sheep in taking it. Porto Bello was something like a sack. Wine and women and gold in plenty. But here was naught but a heap of ashes, and plenty of wounds to get for one's share."

Boom! went a gun from one of the anchored ships, and in a moment more it was taken up by the rest in turn, as they thundered out a salute to their approaching comrade; and the in-coming ship sent forth gun for gun in answer.

"Up, lads, and carry the admiral up the hill to the castle," cried Lenoir. "Give him a regular buccaneer welcome, and we'll have a jolly carouse to-night

several sailors and soldiers, and ghastly roll of slaughter. But it was only the expiring effort of the creature. In a few minutes it had ceased to quiver, and lay still and stiff, the black blood welling over the deck in streams, while the triumphant Biscayan turned coolly away, and accosted Don Alonzo as if nothing had happened, saying:

"Senor Espinosa, now we will hoist out the boat, if you please. The sea-cat never hunts in couples."

"The admiral! The admiral! Long live Morgan, the King of the Buccaneers," roared the crowd, as the canoe approached the shore, tips follows: At the word all the buccaneers scrambled to

and as the buccaneer admiral landed, he was surrounded by a crowd of his enthusiastic fol-lowers, who caught him on their shoulders in triumph, and carried him up a hillock that sloped down to the river's mouth, on whose summit could be discerned the still smoking

ruins of the once formidable castle of Chagres. For at Chagres it was, then only a castle with its garrison, that the greatest and most famous expedition of the buccaneers was now assem-bled; and it was the chief of all the freebooters of the Spanish main, who well deserved the title of "King of the Buccaneers," Morgan himself, who now approached the rendezvous of his comrades, preparatory to his great expedi-tion against Panama. The buccaneers already arrived had stormed Chagres the day before, and Morgan, who had been collecting succo

but just come to join them.

Up the hill and amid the ruins they carried way over them, from the deference which they aid to her.

The men were Indians, armed with bows, arther the chief, silent and somewhat saturnine as rows, and spears; the woman was to all seem- usual, quietly listened to all the stories, without

the Caucasian race, when untrammeled and beginning. The riches will come when Panama shall be taken. To-night be merry. To-mortown eyes and curling hair, as well as the pale

Their noisy enthusiasm subsided in a moment under his quiet and somewhat contemptuous manner. The wily chief well knew the secret of keeping his men at a distance and in awe. At a sign he was placed on his feet, and waved them away. Then he was about to give some orders, when he suddenly started, became pale, and fixed his eyes on an object without the

group, ejaculating:
"Dona Inez! No, it can not be! Who in

God's name are you?" And the buccaneers became suddenly aware that Queen Lola had come nigh to them, unseen, and stood looking at Morgan.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOVERNOR'S SON-IN-LAW. In a lofty and magnificently-fitted apartment in the city of Panama stood Don Alonzo del Campo y Espinosa, talking to a very gorgeouslyappareled military gentleman, whose perso was about as handsome as could be found while his regular face, adorned with magnif cent mustache and beard, would have been pleasing for its beauty, but for the air of conceit and intolerable arrogance affected by so many handsome men, especially Spaniards.

Don Alonzo looked a little older than when

we saw him first, but his eye was still bright

we saw him first, but his eye was still oright, and his step firm.

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for neight your excellency. The whole dier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils ad vance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying

all their forces. 'I know nothing out of my own sight, Dor Luis," said the Governor, gravely. "One would have thought Porto Bello impregnable, save to artillery and regular assaults, and yet the pirate took it, with only four hundred man, against a garrison of five hundred."*

"I was not there, your excellency," said Don Luis Mendoza, with an air of ineffable im-portance. "And your excellency was not there either," he added, as if to detract from his own rrogance. "Had we been-who knows, Don Alonzo-we might have captured the devil Morgan and all his fellow devils."

"Killed them, perhaps, never taken them, Luis," said Espinosa. "You have never seen these pirates, or you would not talk so. I have been in a ship of forty guns when a canoe, with some fifty of these desperate men, attacked us; and by heavens, Luis, I fear they would have taken us but for an accident. I never yet saw men so totally devoid of fear. I am no coward myself, but I freely confess they caused me to tremble when I saw the effect of their presence on the crew of my galleon. They became like dying men for fear; and, think of it, Luis, Inez was on deck when they tried to board us."

"Would I had been there, too!" said Don Luis. "I would have scattered the dogs of heretics! But what saved your excellency?" "A passenger, whom I have since discovered to be none other than the redoubted Morgan imself, though he was then in disguise."
"Por Dios!" was Mendoza's only remark.

"Ay, Luis. He ordered off the pirates; and ve were saved, only to fall into a fresh peril, rom which, too, he saved us by his skill and We were attacked by the monstrous cuttlefish they call the sea-cat, and he it was who cut in sunder the monster's arms, and finally slew it. He went ashore at St. Lucia as mysteriously as he came aboard, and we never saw him again.

"And how did your excellency find out that

it was the pirate?"

"Inez told me, long afterward. She had found him out by his name, which he had hardly disguised. It was not so well known then as

Don Luis started, and a frown contracted his handsome face. "And she never told me all this," he mutter-

His cogitations, of whatever nature, were in terrupted by the entrance of Dona Inez herself, modest and beautiful as ever, but no longer wearing the semi-conventual dress of yore. Inez del Campo, in obedience to her father's will, and without a feeling of love, had married

Don Luis Mendoza, captain of her father's guards, and heir to a dukedom, a year before. She had been taught filial obedience as her first duty, and had none of our modern romantic thoughts about love. Obedient, gentle and good, she had yet lived almost apart from her husband since their marriage, he, on his part, acquiescing in an arrangement that left him free to pursue his gallantries elsewhere.

have been no Spaniard had he not been jealous as fire. The mere notion of his wife having a secret from him angered him. It was in a tone of annoyance, with a flashing eye, that he ad-

Dona Inez looked at him, amazedly.
"What secrets? What do you mean, senor?"
"I mean—" he began, but Don Alonzo inter-

"Stop, stop; you forget whom you speak to, and in whose presence," he said, gravely.
Don Luis Mendoza, this lady is a Governor's daughter, and, as such, merits to be addressed as befits her station."

"She is my wife, your excellency-" began Mendoza, angrily. 'And I am your superior officer, senor," said

Espinosa, sternly; "and this lady is my daughter and heiress. Do you understand? When you speak in my presence, remember the tone Don Luis looked sullen, but made no answer

Inez, in a gentle tone of voice, addressed him, "Nay, Luis, be not angry with me without I would have told you all long ago had

you but asked me. But, indeed, the remembrance of that terrible day, wherein I underwent such peril, is so painful to recall, that I have striven to forget it. Think of it, Luis! I was encircled by the slimy grasp of that odious monster, and in another moment should have been snatched overboard, when he saved me. Could I betray him to inevitable death when he had saved my life? He confessed to me who

he was, and threw himself on my mercy—"
"And you spared him," said Mendoza, sarcastically: "I suppose he was a handsome castically: cavalier?"

"Far from it," interrupted her father. was a short, square man, with no beauty of face or person to recommend him; nothing but his wonderful strength and courage. Come, Luis, be reasonable. You have no cause for jealousy, assure you. I have lost one child already in the bowels of the sea. Let me see the other happy with the husband I have chosen for her. Remember, that your future fortunes will de-

pend on your behavior to her. The duke, your father, is not rich, and I have not made my will

He spoke the last words with great meaning, and left the room as he said them. Don Luis remained biting his lip, something like a sulky

What did the Governor mean by losing a child?" he asked, presently, in a more pacific tone. "I thought you were his only child, but it seems I know nothing of the secrets of your family.

"I am his only child now, alas that it should be so," said Dona Inez, sadly. "But did you not ever hear that my mother was drowned when I was only three years old, and that my only sister was lost with her?" "No," said Mendoza, in a tone of curiosity, 'how was it?"

"She was coming over to join my father, who was then Governor of Carthagena. I was left behind, in the convent at Madrid, to be educated there, but my mother took with her the

ittle Pepita, a babe at the breast. The ship departed from Cadiz, and was never heard of again; and it is only known that pieces of the wreck were found in the sea, on the coasts of Yucatan. My father still keeps poor Pepita's birthday as a day of mourning. Were she alive she would be eighteen, this year."

Don Luis said nothing aloud, but as he turned away to the window he muttered: So much the better. There are less to share

Espinosa's savings."
"Poor Pepita," said Inez, sadly; "God knows how willingly I would give up all claim to my father's fortune, were it only possible that my sister were alive. But alas, she and our mother rest in peace at the bottom of the deep ocean. But tell me, Luis, what is it makes my father and you so grave to-day? There is some mysterious danger in the air and no one will tell me what it is."

"It is your gallant friends, the robbers," said Mendoza, in a sarcastic tone, "who are coming to redeem their promise of taking Panama, if hey can. The pirates have attacked the castle t Chagres, and our brave soldiers have beaten them back in disgrace. My messengers brough

in the news this morning."

He had hardly finished the news, when a loud murmur was heard in the streets below, which rose into cries of terror and rage, as the tumult came nearer and nearer to the Governor's pal-

Don Luis changed color, and went to the window. Below, he saw a confused crowd run ning rapidly towards the palace, crowding around the figure of a horseman, with bloody armor and bandaged head, who was riding slowly forward, evidently engaged in telling some story

to the crowd as he went.

"More news. Pray heaven it be not bad!"
ejaculated Inez. "Oh, Luis, see the poor man! He is wounded!

Don Luis hastily left the room and rushed down to the court, which he found full of the Governor's Guards, in their gorgeous uniforms, while Don Alonzo himself, with grave, anxious face, was standing on the palace steps, awaiting the horseman's approach. Tis the lieutenant of the castle at Chagres,

said the Governor to Mendoza, in a low tone.
"You told me they had beaten off the pirates."
"So help me all the saints, my runners told me so this morning," said Mendoza in a fright-

"Let us hear what he has to say," said Don Alonzo, sternly. "I have trusted you too long, Luis. Now I take command."

In a moment more the horseman had crossed the court, and slowly swung himself from his horse as with a painful effort. ened voice.

horse, as with a painful effort.
"What news, Gaspar?" asked Don Alonzo, kindly. "Thou'rt wounded. Is the castle—?" kindly.

he paused. Taken, my lord, and the garrison slaughtered without mercy," said the wounded officer faintly. "Two days we resisted their assaults, when they came on like devils as they are. We slew hundreds, but thousands took their places. At last they set fire to the palisades with flaming arrows, and the thatch of the barracks caught the blaze. Then, while we were extinguishing the flames, the buccaneers shot us down, and made a general assault. After that, I only know that I was cut down, lay for dead for hours, and woke in the night, to find the place deserted and a mass of ruins, while the pirates were carousing in triumph on the beach below, I crept away, and got into the woods, where Queen Lola's Indians helped me away, and got me a horse from a plantation on the road. The pirates have taken Chagres, and by this time, doubtless, are on the march hither, to take Pan-

"And the Indians, can they be depended on think you?" asked the Governor, keenly.

they treat you well?" They seemed to be hesitating which side to join," answered Gaspar. "Were it not for their queen, they would have attacked the pirates in ree to pursue his gallantries elsewhere.

But, indifferent as was Don Luis, he would me that Queen Lola was well affected toward

the strangers.' "Have you ever seen this queen of theirs?" asked Don Alonzo.
"No, senor. She keeps herself secluded in some mysterious bower, which the Indian Told

dressed her now.

"So, madam, your ladyship did not see fit to tell me that you had secrets with the pitches."

some mysterious bourd, mong the birds. They me was up in the air, among the birds. They say that she is unfriendly to us, and no one knows what manner of woman she is. One of the them told me that she was the daughter of the sun and the sea, and that they found her on the sea-shore at sunrise. But she hates us, and avors the pirates. So much is certain.'

Don Alonzo compressed his lips. Then she must be removed, or slain. As his majesty's viceroy, I have power over all these Indians. Luis, come hither." He drew the captain of the guards aside, and gave him some orders, in a low tone of voice.

On that same evening, Don Luis Mendoza, splendidly armed and mounted, and attended by a squad of splendid cavaliers, left the city of Panama, at dusk, and took the road to Chagres. As he went, he issued certain orders to every Indian he met, and mysterious signals

echoed through the forest for miles around And on that same evening it was, that Morgan the buccaneer first met, face to face, Queen Lola of Darien, and marveled at her likeness to Inez del Campo.

(To be continued-commenced in No. 161.)

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Oll Coomes Again!

Readers, whose enthusiasm over "The Boy Spy," "Hawkeye Harry," "Death Notch," etc. etc., has been so freely expressed, will be delighted at the announcement that we have in for early

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Old Hurricane is a forest Hercules-just such a man as almost every settler has seen or heard of, whose dislike of the Indian led him to become a Man-Hunter; but withal, so honest, brave and good that we love him at once.

The DUMB SPY is a new character in American Fiction, and a very fine character too-speechless. relentless, and yet trusty as steel itself.

It is a great pleasure to lay such stories as this before our expectant audience, since it is so timely in manner and matter that it will give immense satisfaction.

Our Arm-Chair.

Our Sketch Writers.-The character of a paper is greatly determined by its short stories and sketches. Its scrials may be ever so good and popular, but, they are stately guests and we greatly miss the chatter, and excitement and feeling of the story-teller who deals with everyday episodes, or who relates some experience or adventure sure to enlist attention. Indeed, it may be said the short stories and minor matter of the paper determine its most essential qualifications to be regarded as a family and fireside journal, for young folks and old first read the miscellany and sketches, and make them the subject of their

upon the value of these seemingly minor features than is common with our cotemporaries; and, carrying out our idea, we have called around us some of the best sketch and short story writers in the country. As a consequence, the SATURDAY Journal has won a most enviable reputation in this specialite. No paper now published presumes to vie with us in the variety and excellence of our

In the line of love story, pure and simple, what writer of to-day can compare with the charming and dramatic delineation, who is more intensely interesting than Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton? In character and action, who can depict with more power than Frederick Whittaker, T. C. Harbaugh and Col. Prentiss Ingraham? In the border story and camp-fire yarn, who is at all comparable with our own Ralph Ringwood and young Bruin Adams? In tales of Indian and Frontier life, who writes with more power and intimate personal knowledge of the field than Joseph E. Badger and Major Max Martine? In homely life and the odd side of human nature, who is so entertaining as Eben E. Rexford and Mattie Dyer

It may seem invidious to mention these where numerous others who cater for our pages are so good; but these names, we may assume, have won a distinctiveness that entitles them to special recognition. Of writers in other departments we shall have something to say in a future number.

The New Wine Process.-Among recent discoveries in "applied science," one of the most interesting is that relative to wine. It is found that, by heating the product of the vineyard, the wine gains immeasurably in quality. Indeed, from a common vintage some of the best and rarest wines in the world can be perfectly reproduced. So greatly has this discovery changed the entire aspect of the trade, that some of the old cellars in Europe, whose contents have been regarded as almost priceless, are suddenly dethroned, and the vintner of one year is placed on a level with

the wine-grower of half a century ago. The French Academy of Sciences has obtained the following formula or rules to govern the application of the heat:

1. If we heat new wines rich in soluble matters we give them the character of the wines of Spain and Por-

2. In the application of heat, we must take into consideration the amount of alcohol contained in the wine; its vinosity (proportion of alcohol) permitting us to lower the degree of heat needful for its improvement and conservation.

3. The age of a wine has a very great influence upon the character which it presents after heating. This process does not succeed with old wines.

4. It is equally needful to take account of the time the wine has been in the wood and in bottle. 5. Heating gives in general excellent results with white wines. In applying it to new wines, still rich in soluble

matters, we preserve in them that precious quality technically known as "liqueur." 6. The degree of heat is a capital point; that suitable for superior kinds of Burgundy, rich in alcohol, is 112° F. There exist, in fact, for each wine, peculiar condi-

tions in heating, which must be obtained by experiment with the products of each vintage. We are no advocate of general wine-drinking;

and wine-making and wine-drinking are to become as much a matter of course with us as in France or Spain, it is well to be informed on this liscovery, that our American product may be as good as it is possible to make it, commercially and dietetically.

Chat.—A leading religious Weekly is after the Thromo "premium" disseminators with a "sharp tick." It says, among other things: "There have been some good pictures distributed, but there has been a wholesale degradation of art by the wholesale scattering of miserable daubs which are absolutely worth nothing. The fraud is evident;" and the Watchman (well named) adds this very pertinent reminder, for the consideration o that gullible portion of the public who subscribed for a paper to obtain a "chromo" worth three or four times the price of subscription:

"Publishers are not fools, nor are they so generous as to ruin themselves, financially, by giving away to every two or three dollar subscriber a chromo that can not be bought at any print store for less than five dollars or some other ridiculous sum. Perhaps the original was worth five dollars-but the machine-made reproductions are dear at twenty-five cents each."

This may be "rough" on the papers that have sent out flocks of these specimens of wood-cut printing in colors, calling them "chromos;" but, o all in the trade who know how the pictures are manufactured and how comparatively trifling is their cost, the strictures will not be voted unjust. Nor does it help the matter that a large number o professedly "religious" weeklies have helped to spread these Cheap Johns of art, since these weeklies are just as much published to make money as the most secular and popular papers, and to obtain a circulation they are just as likely to 'stretch the blanket" as any other class of busi-

LOOK AT HOME.

WE go to church on Sunday, and, when we come home, we comment on Miss Snapper being so inattentive to the sermon, and, "wasn't it a shame now for her to be fixing her ribbons in the midst of so fine a discourse as that was?" Perhaps if we had been attending to the same discourse we shouldn't have known what Miss Snapper was doing. Did you ever see the mater in that light?

If Mrs. Jenks' boys come to see our boys

and there happens to be a little unpleasantness between them, of course it is not the fault of our boys, but that of the Jenks tribe. Our boys never have any tempers to control, they ever quarrel with any one, their doings are erfection, and are—in our estimation—so nearlike angels that it is a wonder we can keep them out of heaven; but, as for the Jenks tribe—everybody knows what they are, "and,

what can you expect from them?"

That's all detestable. Our bairns are no better than other folks', and sometimes a deal worse; and although we can never be made to think so, it certainly is high time it should be brought home to us.

We go into our neighbor's house and find fault because there may be stray threads on the carpet, or dust on the curtains; but we don't think that we have neglected our own house-hold to pry into our neighbor's, or that it would have been better if we had been sure our house was free from blemishes. To make our own homes more tidy, and to line our own hearts with charity, it is first quite proper to be blind and unmindful in regard to the shortcom-

ngs of our friends and neighbors. We talk about, and make sport of, our friends' lobbies, and wonder what makes them possess such singular habits, tastes and wishes, forget-ting all the while that we may have hobbies and tastes ten times more ridiculous ourselves. us get rid of our own follies ere we make fun of

If our articles for the press are rejected, it is A great many years' experience in catering for popular taste has led us to place a higher estimate ment, or he is partial in his decision, or he ful a position!) and any one were to say that to me, I'd box his ears until they smarted with pain; that is, if I could get near enough. I'll he bound editors feel provoked clear through, and would like to carry my precept into prac-

> We go home to dinner half an hour late, and complain because the meat and potatoes are cold, when, if we had been home in season, that meal would have been warm. We blame others when the blame lies with ourselves. When will the day arrive when we shall examine ourselves, and see that the many faults we give our fellow-beings credit-or discredit

-for, have their counterpart in us? Because our young-ones don't learn as fast as some one else's do, we accuse the teacher of being negligent and partial, and giving his at tention more to Brown's children, because Brown happens to be blessed with a little more money than we are. That's not a made-up story, for I can vouch for its truthfulness. Such actions as these put us in a most unenvi able and ridiculous light, and the finger of deri sion should be pointed at us until we changed our tactics, and became more acquainted wit our own shortcomings, and less inclined t make mountains out of our neighbors' mole-hills

We can remedy the evil-for it is an evilfor we can pay exclusive attention to our own concerns. If we really want to hunt for disown hearts, and then, having found out our faults, let us strive to correct them. "It is never too late to mend," is an old adage, but there's another that runs, "It is never too soon

to commence reform. There's a certain young lady who I hope and sincerely trust will take what I have said to heart, and endeavor in the future to practice that charity to others which she is so fond of writing about; and not to make too much of a mystery of the case, I will impart her name to you—it is EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers. The Siege of Troy.

DESCEND upon me, oh, shades of immortal Homer, that I may describe in words of great import and good grammar the great deeds which were done at the renowned siege of

Oh, memory of the time a man last kicked ne in mistake! Rise before my excited vision, that I may paint in pictures of crimson the sanguine scenes of that memorable event! Wife, drop a hot iron on my foot, that my

heroic feelings may be worked up to the subli-Ten thousand pens stand obedient to my call, and nine thousand bottles of red ink close at

Let me talk of this event as if I were talking out of the mouth of a cannon.

Let my points be the points of bayonets, and ut, since the growing of the grape has now be-1

come one of the great industries of the country, and throw you down and tramp upon you, and may you be struck by them so forcibly that you will never forget them when you look at

the bumps over your eyes.

The Trojans had fied from the Greeks into the city of Troy for safety, and had closed the gate, and put a chunk against it to keep the Greeks out, and locked it securely and felt com-

The Greek army camped about the city and settled down for good, for they knew they would have to besiege that city for ten years before the Trojans would besiege them in the

name of mercy to go away from there.

The Greeks felt perfectly contented to stay there twenty years, as they had nothing par-ticular to do, and all had wives at home, and they had sworn to whip the Trojans if it took all their summers, including their Fourth of

The Trojans would walk around on the tops of their walls, and spit down on the Greeks, and this was very aggravating to their heroic souls. Time and again did they try to scale those walls, but they had no scales and failed. Once, indeed, did a few of the Greeks succeed in picking the lock of the gate of Troy, but they were all captured suddenly, and excused themselves by saying they only wanted to have

little sport by swinging on the gate.
Often a daring Greek would attempt to crawl under it, but he would be caught by a police-man when about half in and get kicked out with all the horrors of war.

Often at night the Trojans would steal out of the city, and, while the Greeks were sound asleep, dreaming of pay-day, they would bind them hand and foot, and then proceed to cow-hide them within an inch or an inch and a half

One of the most cruel things which characterized the beginning of this great siege was the device of the Trojans of letting down halfpint bottles of Indiana whisky from the walls, and, when a Greek patriot came stealing up after it, they would drop a rock on him, and, he couldn't stand the pressure, he would go into the ground. This inhuman strategy was car-ried to excess until the European and United States Ministers were obliged to interfere and stop it. Nearly one-half of the Greek army was thus cut off, or drove in, as it were; and also cruel advantage was taken of the Greeks who would come up on a hot day and go to sleep in the shade of the walls—by picking their pockets with a long pole, with a hook on the end of it, or by yelling "Breakfast's ready," and disturbing their slumbers. This horrible code was finally done away

with by foreign intervention, and once, while the Greeks were celebrating St. Patrick's day in the morning, the Trojans came out and piled every one of them up in piles eight feet high, and laid boards, with huge rocks on top of them, to keep them down. The Greeks knew nothing of it until next morning, when they found themselves corded up and half-dead. This act was considered by the world as the greatest outrope of the wer. The Training greatest outrage of the war. The Trojans shortly after apologized for it.

Every time the Greeks got a battering-ram in osition to batter the wall, the Trojans would et down a rope and lasso the machine and haul it up, but they would receive such a shower of oaths they would have to fall back, knocked clear off the wall.

Don Quixote, who commanded the Greeks, surveyed the walls of Troy every day, but found no flaws in them. He announced that they were the best put up job he had ever seen; and, n fact, it was a regular put-up job on the Greeks, for the wall of Troy was nothing but paper imitation of a granite wall, with the in-

nt to deceive somebody.

The Greeks made various attempts to reduce the city, besides trying to reduce the popula-tion. They tried to dig under it and let it fall n; they tried to raze it by knocking it down; eir dinners and meant to stay, and that Troy or Albany together could not dislodge them

inless the Legislature was there. In the mean time, the Greek vessel, Alabama was abroad on the seas, playing smash with the Trojan vessels, and making "claims."

For ten long years did the siege continue. What a long time to wait! It was a very heavy weight (this was the origin of Troy weight) All the Greeks' wives at home had married

again. It was discouraging.

As a last resort the Greeks got a large hogshead on a wagon and filled it with men, left it before the gate of Troy and marched away.

The Ingshead was labeled "Old Rye, 1856." The Trojans felt like taking it in. At night they unlatched the gate and did so. While they were hunting around for a spigot and some glasses, the soldiers inside got out, took the gate off its hinges, and let the Greeks, who had returned, come in. The town was bagged and sacked, and afterward removed to the State of New York, where she has resumed her former glory.

Washington Whitehorn.

Woman's World.

Two Successful Women. — The Young Dressmaker's Story.—What is Success.—A Contrast.—The Lesson. —We can not make Oaks of Pines. ONE morning last week chance led me to the

establishment of a young dressmaker, one who has just commenced "business for herself," She rents a whole residence for her establishment on Seventeenth street, and it is handsomely furnished throughout. On her center-tab some rare volumes of "Costumes of all Ages, and a "scrap-book," which she commenced twelve years ago when she was a little girl working at three dollars a week, in the dressmaking department at Stewart's great dry-goods palace. That old scrap-book shows the early artistic proclivities of the young dressmaker, for dress-making is a fine, if not a high art. No two pages in that scrap-book are alike, and the ornamentation in water-colors, done by her own hand, are positively Mediæval in their character. Where the young girl found her models is as much a mystery as where she gets the designs of the "creations" in the way of dresses she makes for her customers. It is not poets alone who are "born not made." Marie M. was born a dressmaker, or artiste in costumes. Moreover, she was born practical, sensible, judicious and discreet. I use both those last adjectives intentionally, for to be discreet and to be judicious are two very different things. I have known some very discreet women who were extremely injudicious, and I have known others who frequently spoiled the results of their judicious eckonings by a want of that very needful discretion in the moment of action. But, to return to my young dress artiste.

When a little girl only twelve years old, she egan her trade at Stewart's, receiving, as I aid, only three dollars a week. Of course this did not support her. Her parents, working people like herself, were not unwilling to have their child work even for that small sum, while her first employers, four years ago, honorably resigning a place where she was receiving twenty-five dollars a week, to go to one where she was offered thirty dollars. This sum was gradually increased at the last establishment to

forty dollars per week.

In the mean time, with rare tact, this young woman had made friends for herself among the numerous ladies who had their dresses made at the two places where she had worked. I said with rare tact. I mean with unconscious tact, for she had no particular object in conciliating their favor. For two years before she left her last employers to begin business for herself, she was intrusted with the entire charge of the dress department. Till within a few days before the project of the dress department. fore she resigned her position, she had no idea of doing so, and an accidental, or Providential circumstance, as unexpected to herself as to any one else, determined her to offer her resignation. She had, in the twelve years she had been a working woman, laid up several thou sand dollars, which were at interest in bank Her banker became interested in her, and other persons of means and influence were not wanting to aid her in acting for herself. merit, and good temper, and beauty, all com-bined, had their usual bearings on the young woman's fortune and future. She no sooner mentioned the circumstance which made it a duty for her to leave the house where she was employed, than she found helpers step forward to aid her in her determination

What this circumstance was we will leave to the imagination of our readers. She would have left, even if she had been thrown out of employment for months or years, instead of a few days. She did her duty and met her re

On the morning I called to see her, I found her busy as a bee, amid a band of workers, fif teen girls who had followed her from the establish ment which she had left a few weeks ago. Orders were coming in rapidly, all the most fashion-able customers having followed their most fa-vorite artiste and dressmaker. She was evi-

dently "a Success." I have told you, dear ladies, all this long story about Marie to point a moral, namely: that a woman to be successful in life need not go out of the ordinary occupations to which women have, until of late years, been confined That talent, tact, application to business, combined with good health and perseverance, in even the most humble of the fields in which women are permitted, by public opinion, to la-bor, will bring her pecuniary success.

Now, the question forces itself on my mind Is pecuniary success the most desirable thing for a woman? Is she really happier for owing her success to her own unaided efforts? Is this what we wish to train our American women to? Is this the haven into which we wish to steen our daughters? I do not wish to depreciate Marie. On the contrary, I admire and esteem her. But, I do not admire or esteem her one whit more, than I do a sweet and lovely, and unsuccessful woman—one who had not been trained as Marie was, and who with frailer health and weaker mental as well as physical powers, has almost sunk down in life's battle, yet has preserved through all her innate purity and goodness, and sweetness; and through all has patiently worked on, earning a mere pittance, and who is not wretched nor envious, nor embittered because she has not and knows she never can accomplish what Marie has. She is sweet and cheerful, and truthful, and earnest in trying and trying again, and again, after

every failure to win success from defeat, She, too, has friends who love her no less than Marie's friends love her, and, somehow or other, I don't know how it is, with all her failwith men as well as with women. Her strength seems to lie mostly in her moral and spiritual nature, and in a way that is felt more than

they tried to faze it by knocking it down; heard.

She is neither a silent nor a talkative woman, out where Mrs. O'Leary lived with her cow; but they never gave up. They said they had come before Troy on business and had brought never satirical nor sarcastic. She is industrious, but lacks what I once heard an old lady call "point." That is, she is of too contempla ive a nature to be practical. She is far from being an ignorant or uncultivated woman, but somehow or other, she does not know how to rake her knowledge or cultivation "pay.

I would not have her any other than she is, for the world! She is a study, a character, quite as much as Marie M-; and since she is not unhappy because she cannot "set up in business for herself," why should her friends be unhappy for her?

Let me see if I can sum up the moral of my story of these two characters.

Both these women are successes in their way. Why? simply because they are content with their lot, and have sought and found their true development. If a woman's nature is not degraded; if she preserves a calm, sweet, noble nature, whether financially successful or unsuc cessful, she is "a perfect woman, nobly planned." She is a success.

There is not a doubt in my mind but what success in business is the sharpest and severest test to which a woman can be subjected. She is indeed a noble being who does not become imperious, hard and dogmatic, when she has accomplished her own fortune. One reason why successful business women remain single s, undoubtedly, this tendency in success to ender them hard and imperious.

Men are not attracted by such women, nor

are such women anxious to marry. Not that I consider marriage the most desirable thing for a woman, a thing to be accomplished at all hazards; but, as a natural conclusion, I would prefer seeing my friend or my daughter marry, rather than remain single, provided she entered into a truly sacramental relation, not a mere civil contract with the man she loved. I certainly would not wish my daughter's

practical education neglected, so that she might possess the charm of inefficiency, and therefore marry as a remedy for and consequence of that No; God forbid! But, if my daughter did not possess the practical talent of a Marie M., I certainly should not grow impatient and try to make an oak out of my vine. I would give my vine just the support and pruning it needed to make it graceful, fruitful and useful. If my daughter was an oak, not a vine, by nashould not try to weaken that nature I would treat her as I would an oak, and let her grow. She would not need the support of my If allowed her natural development, she would grow as tall, and strong, and graceful in her strength as the young oak which waves its leafy boughs aloft against the blue sky. The branches of my oak should not be permitted to grow too low or crooked by cramping and want of air. So my stronger child would sometimes need the pruning hand of gentle kindness and firmness in toning down the sharp and hard points in her character, her tendency to rule and to dogmatize. The atmos phere of a deeply spiritual culture would be needed, lest she should grow ungenerous and hard, cramped and crooked in her nature. The breath of a divine teaching should be given to my words be as powder in the pockets of the reader, with the double concentrated force of nitro-glycerine, combined with unabridged lightning and number one mother-in-law!

Let these words take good hold upon you.

The reader of that small sum, while she was blessed with perfect health, having never known what a day's sickness was, and as she now says, "never had an ache or pain in her life." Her wages were gradually increased, until she left the second hold upon you.

The thy points be the points of bayones, and small sum, while the outward grace imparted by an interior culture. She should be deeply rooted and grounded in the highest faith that is granted to mortality, just as I would plant my young oak only in the deepest and strongest soil. impart the outward grace imparted by an in-

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS. received that are not ully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice resis first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. lar writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—
Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to
contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not find place for or make available the following contributions, viz.: "Popping the Question;" poemby the same author; "Old Sam's Christmas Story;" "Marriage Beside Death;" "Up the Valley," etc.; "The Murdered Brother;" "Tale of a Tavern;" "Charlie's Sentence;" "Loved and Lost;" "Wreck of the Marie;" "The Rose's Call;" "Fanny Blake's Device;" "Old Benny's Coat;" "The Convict's Escape;" "A Queen's Song;" "Night's Alarms;" "The Club-room Spirit;" "Pensive Hours;" "Metchampe's Adventure;" "How Uncle Thie Changed His Will."

We use "John Wood's Housekeeping;" "Song for pring-time;" "Could You;" "How the Burglars were aken;" "The Baron's Daughter;" "The Oar Race;" How to Strike;" "The Penitent's Penance." Jim Bell. "Ace of Spades," 60 cents; "Winged Whale," 72 cents; "Wild Nathan," 30 cents; "Adria, he Adopted," 60 cents. CARSON. See answer to F. E. F.

CHAS. F. D. We are not sure that any of our lady eaders would care to correspond with you. We do not pprove of your mode of obtaining correspondents. L. F. JUDGE. We have no knowledge of the Lord Rag-

HENRY. D. Appleton & Co. It is a "canvasser's"

Tuos. P. M. Have no record whatever of the MS. re-CHARLEY SEELEY. Lemon juice will take freckles

from the face.

W. S. R. Your MS, is very imperfect as a composition and has no literary value. The rules for correct writing must be complied with in all contributions to the press. Editors will not add to their labors that of revising imperfect MSS.

F. E. F. "Overland Kit" will cost you 72 cents.—"Hand, Not Heart" was the first serial published in the Saturnary Journal.—The early numbers of the paper are not all now in print.—A. T. stewart has two stores. The retail establishment now covers an area of about one acre, with seven floors for business. The wholesale store is about two-thirds this size.

BOY HUNDER WE Published in these columns the

BOY-HUNTER. We published in these columns the last story which Mayne Reid has written, "Tracked to Death;" the story by Cousin May Carleton (Mrs. Fleming) will be given hereafter; a new story is on hand by Capt. J. F. C. Adams. You can buy New and Old Friends from your newsdealer.

Brun Adams. "Light-House Lige, or the Firebrand f the Everglades," is the title of Capt, J. F. C Adams'

HAWKEYE HARRY. "The Detective's Ward" will cost too 72 cents.—The Saturday Journal has much over 00,000 regular readers.—Carson City was named after fit Carson.—Yes; a chapter in the "Lady's Letter-Vriter" (Beadle's Dime Series) gives explicit directions in regard to punctuation.—We know of no such paper.—Your writing, for a boy of thirteen, is very fair. Chas. W. S. We know of no remedy to cure the taste for tobacco. Some who do break off chewing the vile weed make a temporary substitute of ginseng root, or of any other thing that will keep them chewing. A friend of ours once broke off on white cotton string—a piece of which was kept constantly in his mouth. Be determined to quit the habit and—stick to your determination!

Dan. Of course we can not tell if a book and paper store would do well in the place named. Nor can your friend ascertain the fact without a visit to the place. MABEL. Really we can not advise. The law considers willful absence and refusal to support, a just cause for divorce. It is not wrong to go with any young gentleman, but it may not be discreet. If you feel that you must marry again for a support, consult some honest lawyer as to the proper course to pursue.

CAPSTAN. Write to the office of the Panama Steamer ine. (Pacific Mail Steamship Co.,) New York, C. C. L. We know of no person buying the nickel cents of 1858 and 1857.

ROVER. The "Children's Aid Society" can answer you better than ourselves. Texas is a good place to go to if you are resolved to push your own way. If you are of a roving disposition, as you hint, you probably won't stay long enough in any place to establish yourself in any business or trade. Remember the adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB. We believe the firm named to e great swindlers. Make inquiries of the N. Y. Po-

Joel Jones. The deepest well in the world is at sperenberg, near Berlin. It was excavated to find rock-salt, which was obtained at the distance of 280 feet from the surface, but the boring was continued to the depth of 4,194 feet, the stratum of salt having been followed to of 4,194 feet, the stratum of salt having been followed to a depth of 3,907 feet without being pierced through, and the boring then was discontinued on account of the me-chanical difficulties of the operation.

chanical difficulties of the operation.

MADELEINE MONTJOY. To remove the stains from your hands, wash them in some soap and water in which some "pearlash" has been dissolved. Should you wish to remove the stains of dye, take a small quantity of oil of vitriol, put it in a basin of cold water and wash your hands without soap. Afterward rinse them in warm soap and water, being sure the acid is thoroughly removed before you apply the soap. If your vitriol water is not too strong it will not leave the most delicate hands with a red or rough appearance.

Frank and Alfred. To decide your discussion, permit us to say that we have no positive proofs that the 25th of December is the birthday of Jesus Christ. In ancient times certain cardinal points were originally fixed by mathematicians, not only for the Feast of the Nativity, but for other feasts. Christians afterward took up what they found in calendars, and so long as a certain fixed time was commemorated for the birth of the Savior, they were content.

Yankee. The first newspaper published in the United YANKEE. The first newspaper published in the United tates was at Boston, in the year 1704.

The Girls of New York! BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear text week.

Author of "Rocky Mountain Rob," "A Strange Girl," "Witches of New York," etc., etc.,

Soon to commence in these columns, is a story well calculated to create a sensation. Without being "sensational," it is, yet, such an exposition

HOMES, HAUNTS AND HEARTS

Of the Great American Metropolis that even those who are most familiar with City High and Low Life will be surprised at its amazing developments, which show how deeply and intricately virtue and vice are in woven in our Social System, and how near is the Madison-Avenue Parlor to the Convict's Haunts. Five young women are, each and all, though utter strangers to one another, related by the common tie of asso-

John Blaine, the Escaped Convict; and the story now told, by this brilliant and searching expositor of human nature and modern society, is a series of singular, mysterious and astonishing revelations of

THE DARK SIDE AND THE BRIGHT SIDE

of the Great City's actual indoor, closely-vailed life. The dramatic action is, apparently, complicated and inexplicable, but that only illustrates the subtile connection which exists between the wealth and the poverty-the happiness and the misery-the virtue and the vice of our Modern Babylon; and the gradual unraveling of these relations gives to the narrative an interest which is surpassingly absorbing and intense. The story adds another to the

Series of Literary Triumphs which Mr. Aiken has achieved, in our columns, and gives to the readers of popular romance something that once read will not be forgotten.

REPENTANCE.

BY GEO. H. FULLERTON.

Give back thy love! Oh! hold it not, Save thou wouldst rend my heart in wain; I mount thee in each secret thought, Give me thy love! give back again.

Thou knowest not how deep I mourn For recognition as before; Since by mine act thy love was torn— Torn from me—say not evermore!

Oh! thou wilt love me once again! There's nothing shall be bidden me— Nothing that thou shalt bid in vain! Oh! speak and let me come to thee!

Yes; it was I who did transgress, But not in anger; nor to slight Thy precious love—my happiness—Ah! no; so sad was I that night. Speak! tell me all e'en now is well; Ope now thy heart and let me rest— Rest in thy love, as ere I fell From thy good-will, so richly blest.

Thou wilt? Heaven bless thee! keep thee! Be its most precious blessings thine! Thou wilt? Thou hast forgiven me? Heaven make thee with the saints to shine!

The Beautiful Forger:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT. AUTHOR OF "MADELEINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC CHAPTER XX.

CHANGING CAGES. THE outlaw had passed a sleepless night, smarting and burning with fever from his troublesome wound. No words can describe his rage when the news was brought to him. He cursed and raved, and threatened all whose business it had been to secure the prisoner. How had he got out? The bars ought to have been invincible, and how had the bonds been slipped off his hands? How had he got across the lake? When pursuit was made, why did not two or three men go? Time! No time to call them up? They ought to have been up already, so near morning! And, most important of all, was the girl gone?

No, she was safe enough. And no one suspected the pale and spectral woman who had furnished the young man with the means of

breaking out.

The chief had now to apprehend a speedy visit from the legal authorities, with a demand for his captive's release. What should be done? He would have carried her off to his stronghold in the mountains at once, but his wound, and the fever resulting from it, rendered a journey dangerous to life. His leech warned Queredos that it might be fatal; that it could not fail to lay him up, perhaps for many months.

The thought of Helen's deliverance was mad-

dening to him; he could not bear to be deprived of aught he had determined should be his own, and he resorted to a desperate expedient.

Olivia's residence was not many miles distant. He determind to send his lovely prisoner to her, and there no one would ever dream of searching for her. Olivia was bound to him not only for past

obligations, but by future interests. She would not venture to disoblige him. He would conceal from her his passion for the girl; he would pretend he had captured her with a view to further his fair ally's designs against Dr. Merle, whom he knew to be her father. Olivia might sway the old conjurer to her will, holding his daughter as a hostage. With this view he would say he had sent her the girl, not venturing to keep her himself so near the towns, and being disabled from a wound from taking

The outlaw thought his idea a capital one. He ordered three of his men to mount, and place a side-saddle on a horse for the young girl. She had been told to get ready for instant

orders, but for another brief visit from the lonely lady, who had bidden her obey, without hesitation, whatever she was ordered to do. "I shall not be long," she said, "in discovering where you are concealed; and I will send word to your friends. Write it down here where

they may be found."
With tears of gratitude the girl strove to express the deep obligation she felt, but the other

silenced her sternly "I want no thanks," she said, haughtily. told you I did what I have done with no goodwill to you. Your youth and beauty pain me, and but that you hate the chief, I might have done you harm. Do not cross his path again. Let me never see you more.

She turned and left the room without an In a very short time Helen was conducted out of the castle, to the ground where stood her horse. She was placed in the saddle. She did not venture a word of remonstrance. Her three attendants rode one on each side, the

other behind her, and at a swift pace. She did not think of attempting an escape, for she knew well that she would soon be recaptured. Nothing had been offered her to eat the hurry of her departure; but the keen fresh air revived her, and she felt no want of

Meanwhile her active lover had lost no time in finding his way to a settlement, and had received directions where he could obtain efficient assistance. He procured a horse and rode at full speed to the post, where a small mili-tary force was stationed. He told his story to the officer in command, and was promised aid speedily. Yet it was long past noon before he was on his way to the stone castle by the lake, accompanied by the armed force detach-

ed to rescue the captive girl.

Every thing was quiet as they came to the neighborhood. The calm surface of the lake was unruffled by a single boat or canoe. The walls of the ancient building loomed up grimly

single human being could be seen.
Walter and the leading officer dismounted before the front entrance, on the side distant from the lake, and knocked authoritatively for admission. After some delay the door was opened by a man in a herdsman's dress.

The soldiers were drawn up behind their leader. In a very few words he informed the man they were come to take away the young lady who had been brought there a prisoner the preceding evening, being illegally robbed of her

The man replied respectfully that no such

person was in the house.
"He speaks falsely!" cried young Ormsley. "I followed her and her captor to this place last evening! I broke into that very room, and had a scuffle with him! He was wounded when my pistol went off, and I was overpowered by numbers, carried down stairs, and locked up in a dungeon looking on the lake. I managed to free myself, and swim for the other shore; they sent a boat after me; I knocked the boatman overboard, and took possession of the craft. Go in, gentlemen, and search the

You can do so if you choose," said the man, ordered them to keep hushed up."

sullenly. "You will find no one here; at least, no lady, but those who belong here.

The procession filed into the hall. One by one Walter threw open the doors, and the rooms were searched. They were proceeding to ascend the stairs, when the young man caught a glimpse of a tall figure in woman's garments who stood at the top, and waved her handkerchief, as if entreating the intruders to come no further further.

The two foremost went up a few steps, and stopped to listen to what the woman had to

say.
"The young lady you are looking for," she said, very calmly, "was here last night. She is no longer here; she left this place early this

"Where has she been sent?" demanded

young Ormsley.
"That I am unable to tell you." "Did she go alone?"

I believe not." "You may be sure not. If she is no longer here, that villain and robber has sent her away for safe keeping. But I must have proof that she is not here before I will believe it. Come

They went on up the stairs. The woman re-eded as they advanced.
Walter led the way to the room where, from its being directly above his own, on the highest story, he supposed Helen had been incarcerated. This was her room-was it not?" he asked, as he opened the door. The woman assented. "I see—" and the youth picked up a vail of blue barege; "this is her vail. Where is she?

You will gain nothing, madam, by attempting to deceive us. "I am not deceiving you. I do not know where she is."

"We will search for her," and they went on, examining one room after another. Not even the loft was spared, nor the chamber, which the tall woman declared was her own. Only one remained; a room at the end of the

passage, with a massive oaken door, stained and bruised like all the others. To this the two leaders strode, and Walter laid his hand on the

The woman held up her hand forbiddingly.
You can not go in there," she said.
"Why not?"
"The door is locked."

"We shall find means to open it." "I assure you, gentlemen, no one is there but a sick man. He is my husband; he is dangerously ill, and must not be disturbed." "The door must be opened, madam, or we shall force an entrance."

In apparent distress, the woman beckoned Walter apart from the rest.

"You must do as I say," she said, in a whisper.

"You owe your liberty to me."

per. "To you?" "Yes; it was I who brought the twine, paper and pencil, knife and iron rod. I dropped the pebbles under your window: I arranged the

Walter looked up at her, in undisguised as tonishment.

"I set you free, that you might release the young lady; for I did not want her here. As soon as your escape was discovered, she was sent away, with three men to escort her."
"Whither?" "I do not know yet; but I shall learn in good time, and I will send you word. You may rely on me to do that."

Oh, if you will, any reward-" "Hush!" said the woman, sternly. "I want no reward; I want only to have the girl out of my husband's power. Give me directions where

to send to you. Young Ormsley wrote on a piece of card, and

gave it to her.
"Very well. I have means of finding out.
My husband can not stir for some time, and I will watch for his men, when they return, and send a messenger to you. You can not want the girl more than I want to send her home."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of the eaker. Walter saw that his best course was to rely on her promise. He called off the men who had accompanied him, and told them so.

With a courteous adieu to the dame, and a whispered reminder of her promise, Walter and the others went down and took their departure The dame watched from the window till she saw them ride away. She had saved the chief from a visit, which might have cost him his life, in the feverish condition in which he lay.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLIVIA'S JEALOUSY AWAKENED. THE party in charge of the young girl reached their destination in due time, and the leader -Pedro-sent up to the lady of the house the

letter dictated by Queredos.

She was alone in her chamber when she received it. Her ally and lover craved a favor at her hands, while notifying her that he had done her a service which had resulted in a severe injury to himself. The girl was the daughter of her escaped prisoner, the conjuring doctor: and Olivia was requested to detain her and guard against her leaving the house till such time as the chief could have a personal conference with

"Send Pedro hither," was her first order. 'Stay; Paul is here still; he may suspect something. I will come down."

She had a conversation with Pedro, and intimated her wish that he should remain, as her own steward was absent. He readily agreed to do so, and sent the two other men back to the chief's house.

Then the lady overwhelmed Pedro with questions, to very few of which could he give answers. He knew nothing of Dr. Merle. He had only heard that he was not at his own house, which had been unoccupied since the robbery. The young lady, his daughter, was traveling with a young gentleman, when her horse had taken fright and run away. chief, he understood, had saved her from death, and, as it was near nightfall, had taken her to from the water's edge, looking like one of the feudal castles of the middle ages, with battlements frowning over its broad moat. Not a his castle by the lake. The young man, whose name he did not know, had followed Queredos, denly fired on the chief, who had not expected any hostile encounter. He lay dangerously wounded, and had ordered the girl brought to

her ladyship. "And where is this hot-headed young man?"

asked Olivia. "He went off last night, and we had heard no more of him when we came away."

Pedro-as he had been instructed-took care to give the impression that the meeting of his master with the young lady was merely accidental, and his taking her home an act of generous hospitality.

"Very strange conduct, certainly," was the comment. "It looks as if he thought the young lady a prisoner against her will, and had gone to summon a force to rescue her.' The man could not tell. His master was in no

state to say much. Pedro had merely received orders to bring the girl here. "Did any one know where she was sent?" "Not a soul, my lady: and we were bound

to secrecy. And you can depend on your men?" "They would be hacked in pieces, madam, before they would betray what the master had

"Very well. I will entertain the girl, as the suffered in some way, and her heart warmed tochief wishes. You will remain in readiness to take a message to him, if I have occasion to

She swept from the room, and went to the parlor, where Helen sat, in some trepidation, waiting to see what was going to become of

Olivia entered, smiling and gracious; took her hand, and greeted her as an old acquaint-

You have not forgotten me-surely? I visited you at your father's house but a few

Helen recognized her. "You are Mrs. Sloman?" she said, timidly.

"And your friend: I hope you are willing to regard me as such. What is the matter?"

The girl burst into passionate tears.
"What ails you, child?" "Oh, madam, you know not how much I need a friend!"

"Come, you must not give way to low spirits. You are anxious about your father, I suppose?"
"I was on my way to him yesterday when—
when I was seized by the robber and carried

"Oh, you are mistaken; he wished to serve you: he saved you from being thrown when your horse was running away: he took you home because it was so late. You must not blame him; he is a friend of mine, and a very good fellow, though, as a foreigner, a little ough in his manners.

Helen would have protested against this interpretation of the outrage perpetrated against her, but prudence checked her outspoken frankness. It might be better for her to let it go so and had not the dame, whose good offices had enabled Walter to escape, warned her not to speak of what she had suffered, and particularly to be silent concerning her own agency? She sat, therefore, in embarrassed silence.

"Come, I see you are agitated; and now I remember, Pedro said you had taken no break-

Olivia touched a bell on the table, and when the servant came, ordered chocolate and bis-

"You are to be my guest for a day or two," she said, blandly, "and I want you to recover your bloom and your strength. By the way, where did you say your father was? Is he at

"No, madam; he is with friends. I do not know where they live; but I was going to him yesterday. He has been very ill and out of his

Out of his mind?" echoed the lady. "Yes, with the grief of losing me. It is a long, sad story, and I will not weary you with the particulars. My father had an assistant he relied on-an Indian half-breed-who was well educated, and so useful to him, that he trusted

him in all things." "Was he a young man, very short and thickset—with a strange voice, in general deep and strong, but sometimes so soft and oily, you would think it came from a child's throat?" 'That is the same, madam. You know him,

"I have seen him. Well—go on."
"This treacherous man robbed my father, carried away his gold in his absence, and forged a note to me, saying my father had sent for me. It was all a cruel deception; and I should have been killed by him if I had not been res-cued. My poor father heard of my danger, and was seized with brain fever. He wandered in search of me, and was at last found by friends, and taken to their house. He was not able to come for me, so he sent, and I was on the road,

as I have told you."

Helen had been but imperfectly informed of what had happened, as will be seen.

"Then he is ill yet?" asked Mrs. Sloman.

"He is not able to travel yet."

"And out of his mind?"

under good medical care." Olivia was not sorry to hear he had been delirious. The facts of his abduction, and various matters involving herself, could be made to appear as the phantasy of a diseased brain. She felt immensely relieved. As she turned again to Helen, she saw that she was weeping quiet-

"Come, I will have none of this. You shall stay with me if you like, till your father is strong enough to join you here. In these times it is dangerous for young girls to travel about the country with insufficient escorts. Come, now, let me see you take some breakfast. You will be faint if you do not."

The tray brought in contained a tempting lit-tle repast of broiled birds, omelet, warm rolls, and butter, coffee and chocolate. Helen obeyed the hospitable bidding, and ate heartily while her hostess talked fluently on many different subjects. Then she uncovered a small harp, and asked the girl if she could play on it. Helen had never received instructions in music but she was passionately fond of it; and when Olivia played and sung, she listened as if moved to the very soul. She entreated the performer for another and another song; and thanked her with such genuine emotion, tha her own latent talent for the art was manifest. , that

'Now you must excuse me for some hours," said the lady, rising from the instrument. "I have an invalid husband. My maid has been with him all the morning, but she can not fill

my place."

The plan of sending Paul Sloman to a seacoast retreat had not yet been put in practice.
Olivia conducted her fair guest to her chamber. Helen was weary indeed; and the kindness shown her made her feel almost at home. She was glad to seek repose for a short time be-fore dinner, which she understood would be

served at five o'clock. She slept peacefully, and was awakened by a tap at the door, which she rose to open. A girl a few years older than herself, came to ask f she could assist her in dressing

Helen asked her to walk in, and expressed the pleasure she had in seeing one who was of her own sex and age, though she wanted no help. She was touched by a certain air of melancholy about the young woman, and by her haps," she thought, "she is far from home and friends like myself."

Your name is Louise?" she asked at length. I am in Mrs. Sloman's service—just at present."

"She spoke of you; she said you were attending on a sick gentleman. Is he likely to The girl started. "I hope not!" she exclaim-d. "Who said he would die?"

"No one at all. But—you seemed so sad. I thought that might be the cause." "Oh, no! Mr. Sloman is better. I hope he will recover."

"I hope so too. It would be very hard for his wife if she were to lose him." "You think so?" "Certainly. What should I do if I lost my father?" she sighed, deeply.
"You have a father?" asked Louise.

It was plain that she knew nothing of the young stranger's adventures. Helen gave her a short history of all that had happened to herself, pleased with the interest shown in looks rather than in words. She was sure the girl had "I would take it as a special favor."

In a second Barbara's self-command returned. "Doubtless, Mr. De Laurian, your predictions will prove correct. And now, as I have bidden you all a personal adieu, I will be off."

A bell was rung; and Louise hastily left the room to answer the call of her mistress. Not long afterward, the hostess herself appeared, all smiles and affability, and taking the arm of her young guest, led her down to dinner.

There were covers for three; and Helen looked around in hopes that Louise would join

them; but she did not appear. The dinner was excellent, and she partook of it with appetite, but refused wine.

Olivia, on the contrary, drank several glasses. When she had sent out the man who waited, she said: "You see, my child, how lonely I have to be while my husband is so ill. It will have to be write if you will stay with me several

be a charity if you will stay with me several "I can not do that, madam," replied Helen.
'I ought to leave you to-morrow, to go to my

father.

"How can you? You do not know the way to his present abode?" "I would not dare to go alone. But the gentleman who came for me and was taking me to him, will soon find me, and then we must oursue our journey.

"Who is the gentleman?"
"Mr. Walter Ormsley."
Olivia's face darkened. It did not suit her plans that the girl should be under the protection of any of that family. But she controlled the expression of her chagrin.

"Do you know him, madam?" Helen asked.

"I have heard of him. But he is not a pro-

per companion for you on a journey through a wild country. Your father must indeed have had his reason obscured, to send him for you."

Olivia laughed. Helen did not like the sound of her merriment.

"How innocent you are, to be sure! So pretty a girl, traveling alone with a young man —why—my dear—it will make a sad talk! I could not let you go, under such auspices."

"He was very kind," murmured the girl, the tears welling in her eyes.

"Of course, I dere see. More then kind I

"Of course; I dare say. More than kind, I should imagine, by that blush, my dear."
The rude remark covered Helen with confusion; and she could not help feeling indignant, too. Her hostess perceived the feeling she had

caused, and covered it by rising from the table and leading the way back into the drawing-room. There she pointed to a heap of illus-trated volumes on the center-table, with a portfolio of engravings, and bade the girl amuse herself during her absence, promising she should have some music by-and-by.

Helen forgot her vexation in looking over these art treasures. It was long since she had seen any thing like them, and she so dearly loved pictures! She did not notice how time flew, nor hear any noises outside the house.

The attendant brought in a large lamp when daylight failed; and seating herself by the ta-ble, the girl continued her examination of the books. When the door opened and some one came in, she supposed it was her hostess, and

did not look up.

A tall man, of distinguished appearance, dressed in a gray traveling suit, had entered the

He started violently when he saw the girl seated at the table. He stood gazing fixedly at her, his own face blanched, his lips parted, his hands partially upraised, as if wonderstruck and half recoiling at some unexpected appari-tion. He gazed, still motionless, till Helen, lifting her eyes, caught sight of him. She rose instantly from her seat in surprise and trenidation.

and trepidation. The gentleman strode forward, and suddenly seized both her hands, grasping them with a force that terrified her.

"Then he is ill yet?" asked Mrs. Sloman.

"He is not able to travel yet."

"And out of his mind?"

"I am afraid so. They would not let me know as much as I wanted. But they say he is upon her. She struggled to release her hands, with a scream of affright.

> 'Pardon me! Alas! alas! I know not what I am doing!" cried the gentleman, clasping his forehead with both hands. "I crave No one answered him. Helen had fled from

the room. She ran up-stairs swiftly and gained her own chamber, where she sunk down, unnerved with terror. What new dangers had she to tremble at? Olivia entered the drawing-room the minute after the girl had left it. She started with sur-prise at sight of the visitor; but the next in-

stant she had sprung to meet him with eager "Victor!" she exclaimed, joyously. "I had

no thought of seeing you so soon But I am welcome no less, I hope?" he "A thousand times, welcome! She looked as if she could have thrown herself into his arms. But he only shook her

hands cordially, and asked after Paul, while he drew a chair for her to the fire. Then he told her of business that had called him back much sooner than he had expected, and of the pleasure he felt in finding her well; he had called first to see her and his good

friend Paul, before proceeding on his way to his brother's "Now tell me," he concluded, "the name of

"The young lady—your guest."

"The young lady—" Olivia hesitated.

"I saw her here—just now—as I came in.
She was sitting at the table. The lamp-light fell full on her face. I was struck—I was paralyzed--I knew not what I was doing! said something—as I took both her hands in a sudden impulse—that must have frightened her, for she vanished like a vision, just as you

Olivia marked his sudden interest in his face; nis deep emotion; and a keen jealousy awoke A in the depths of her passionate soul. "Who is she?" he asked again.

"You seem to have been suddenly captivated!" she answered, with a ring of scorn in her voice. "Do you think her so very beautiful?" "Beautiful?" he echoed. "There was more than beauty! But who is she?

Would you give the world to know?" "I might—I would give ten thousand worlds if it were as I thought at the first glance! But that could not be! I was a foo! I behaved like a fool, to frighten her. Tell me, Olivia, who she is?"

Olivia was more and more offended, but she could not refuse to answer.

"A poor girl, the daughter of a crazed doctor, sent here this morning by a friend who asked shelter for her."
"What is her name? Whence did she

'Her name is Miss Merle. Her father has been living a year or so in the country, and had some skill in ague prescriptions. The people take him for a conjurer. But he was taken ill

and the girl had no home "You are over-kind, Olivia!" said the gentleman; then his muttered exclamation, "Won-derful! wonderful!" reached the ears of the ady. She thought him suddenly infatuated by

"Certainly." And Olivia glided from the room, but presently returned.
"The young lady has retired to her room,

and can not come down this evening.
"I may see her to-morrow, then?" "To-morrow morning—of course."
Ormsley was pacing the floor, in deep

"It is a sudden seizure," muttered Olivia.

"It is a sudden seizure," muttered Onvia.
"The girl shall not cross his path again."
Presently Victor Ormsley came near the fire, and entered into desultory conversation. Then he asked to be taken to see his friend Paul.

"Stay," he said, as he turned back from the door, and drew a small gold locket from his rocket. It was secured by a chain of black vest pocket. It was secured by a chain of black ribbon that went around his neck. He slipped

it over his head and held out the trinket. "Put this in your friend's—in the young lady's hands," he said, in a low, earnest voice. Ask her if she has ever seen one like it. Perhaps I had better give it her myself to-morrow. Well—I will send it by you; she will think less

A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL. AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.

CHAPTER XI. THE WAY MEN PLOT.

WITHIN the lighted library, Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, Blanche and Gervaise De Laurian were sitting, and Barbara wondered, when she exchanged greetings with him, if he had heard any of her conversation with Roy Davenal.

In social converse the hours of that last evening at Chetwynd Chase passed away, and, when was eleven by the cuckoo clock, the party broke up and sought their rooms.

Barbara had no chance to see her husband alone that evening, but, at parting, when he took her hand and bade her good-night, he left a note in her palm.

The lights had all been extinguished at the

Chase, save in Barbara's elegant apartment, where, in her white night-dress, she opened the paper with an almost idolatrous affection. It read:

"My Sweet Wife:—
"Foreseeing the difficulty there would be of obtaining a private interview, I thought it best to write a few last arrangements in case I do not find

write a few last arrangements in case I do not find an opportunity in the morning.

"First, then, my wife, use the inclosed cheque, which you will present at the bank designated—the address is written in one corner, you see—in New York. I think the amount it represents will suffice until I join you two days after. Think of that, my beautiful darling; I shall come to you in two days never again to leave you. We'll be happy, Barbara, won't we?

"But to the arrangements. When you reach New York, you will only wait long enough to attend to the cheque, and go direct on to Philadelphia in the 2:45 train; engage a suite of rooms at the 'Continental' or 'Girard'—they are directly opposite each other — whichever you prefer. Then, on Thursday, I will come, my own, and together plan for our future tour.

"I may have no opportunity, as I said, of so much as a word in the morning; and that is why I

"I may have no opportunity, as I said, of so much as a word in the morning; and that is why I desire to renew my assurances of love now; you are so dear, so unspeakably precious to me, my own, my own. How shall I hasten the time when we meet? I wish, my Barbara, forever, you to greet, "Your Loving Husband."

Barbara read and reread this letter, so dear to her; then, when she had extinguished the light, she lay down to sleep, with the precious

note against her red cheek. In the next room, where the odor of night-sweets was wafted in, Blanche Chetwynd was kneeling by the wide-open window, her sweet face all alight with love and hope.

She was too wakeful to think of retiring. The evening had been a most enjoyable one to her, and, though she regretted losing the society of Barbara, still the love of De Laurian was an

all-powerful comforter. He had bidden her a most tender good-night when Barbara had re-entered the house, supposing Blanche had preceded her up-stairs. On the starlighted veranda they had stood, he holding her hand in lover-like familiarity.

"My little pure pearl, wait until the house is quiet again; wait until Barbara has gone. dearest, the long rides we shall take alone, the delightful walks, the charming tete-atetes with no fear of being rudely interrupted; and best of all, my little one, the wedding at

Christmas. These ardent words were sounding through Blanche's ears yet, and, in the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, she communed with her

"Poor Barbara!" she whispered, softly and pityingly. "She is so proud, so cold, that I fear she will never condescend to love or be loved. If she only knew how blessed it is to have somebody care so much for her as Gervaise does for me, she would be so thankful and contented. As it is, her unrest arises from an unoccupied heart, for I am more than ever sure that she doesn't care for Roy Davenal. How strange it is Barbara never cared for Gervaise! They are both so grand, so proud! But, if she was to! if he was ever to love her and not me! what would I do?"

A sudden sharp look of pain shot across her face, but a merry little smile chased it

"How silly I am! and we to be married on Christmas! A blush overspread her face as she let fall the ace curtains, and sought her pillow, so trust-

ing, so happy. CHAPTER XII.

THE CHAIN OF GOLD. THE earliest birds were caroling a matin to the sunrise when the Chetwynd carriage drove up to the side entrance, and received its load of trunks. Even at this eleventh hour, Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd were protesting against Barbara's going; and Blanche, standing by De Laurian, who had galloped down in the gray dawn from Paterson to bid her adieu, entreated her, yet quite coolly, to reconsider the matter, and

postpone the visit, if not give it up. De Laurian, to all eyes except her own, evinced a gentlemanly regret at losing her society, and begged she would remember him as a friend and well-wisher; then, when she laughed and assured him she would do so, suddenly grew painfully confused—a rare misfortune to occur to her-when De Laurian banteringly told her he'd wager a set of opals against the white rosebud she held, that if kind Fortune favored them with another meeting, they would both be mar-ried. Blanche felt the pressure of his arm on

ner hand, and a flush dyed her face. Roy Davenal saw it, and drew a long breath of relief that De Laurian and Blanche were so

strangely of it if you give it to her."
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 155.) Barbara's Fate:

carriage in her own peculiarly independent way, and every eye followed her with admira-

Truly, Gervaise De Laurian's heart beat proudly as he gazed on her, so radiant, so stylish in her traveling suit of Antwerp silk, and her dainty hat with a Bird of Paradise floating like a ray of sunlight over her dark hair.

"Barbara, have you no word for me? I am sure there need be no further secrecy in this matter. Our friends all know of our engagement; why need you leave me without a parting word?"

Roy spoke a little bitterly.

Barbara leaned back among the cushions, her face expressive of her displeasure. Why had he acted so foolishly? what made him speak in such a manner? What reply should she make? something that would satisfy Roy, and not discatisfy to I arrived. satisfy De Laurian.

Her ready woman's wit came to the rescue. "Surely I need not, Roy. I should think, however, you had studied womankind so thoroughly that you'd know by this time that we never express our private thoughts for the benefit of others."

Roy had full view of her face as she spoke, while no one else had; and, as she concluded, she smiled upon him, and kissed the tip of her fingers to him, at the same time making a menacing little gesture toward the rest of the party De Laurian had laughed outright when Bar-

Good for you, Miss Lester. Davenal, you acknowledge yourself worsted by that broad-

Roy could afford to laugh after that look of

"T'll repay you with interest some day."
Mr. Chetwynd stepped up to the carriage.
"You have no more time to spare, Barbara; Oliver will have to drive fast to catch the Newburg express at Paterson. Take care of yourself, and write soon.'

With a beaming smile, Barbara nodded them adieu, and, as the carriage turned a curve, she waved her handkerchief toward them. With a sigh, Mrs. Chetwynd turned to re-enter

the house: had she known all that would occur before she again looked on willful, beautiful Barbara, the sigh would have been a shriek. "Such an idea! and yet, in its impulsiveness so like poor Barbara herself."

Mrs. Chetwynd remarked it to De Laurian as they entered the house. I think it very likely she will return as suddenly as she left. You will miss her very much, doubtless.'

Indeed we will; she seems as near and dear to me as though she were one of my own De Laurian started, with an exclamation of

surprise.
"Is she not a relative? I always supposed

her a cousin, at least."

"Oh, no; there does not exist the slightest tie of relationship. She was a sort of waif, who was left to our kindness when only a babe of very tender age. She and Blanche were just of a size and age then, although Barbara has grown the taller since." De Laurian listened with eager interest.

And you have not the remotest idea who or what she is? There was no clue to her parent-

"Yes, a slight one, that only seemed to highten our interest in her. It is a broken chain, of Florentine gold, joined by an opal stone, that is severed in the middle. On the under side of the jewel is half a letter 'D' and a complete one joining, thus.

She drew with her pencil on a card two letter D's, lapped and joined. "We suppose the masing half of the stone to supply the rest of the latter, and another also, to correspond with the half I have; thus making, when complete, three D's, that doubtless represent her parents' initials, while to us they suggest the terrible 'curse'—Dishonor, Desertion, Death, which my poor Blanche seems to inherit as her fatal birthright.

A dense shadow darkened Mrs. Chetwynd's face, but she strove to throw it off. "We named her 'Barbara Lester' because on her little robe that name was written.

De Laurian was listening with intensest animation to this story of his wife's early life "Blanche, bring the necklace for Mr. De Laurian to see; it is of rare workmanship."

As Blanche obeyed, Roy Davenal joined Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd. ' Now that Barbara has gone, sir, I candidly admit the charm at Chetwynd Chase is broken. I came from the West purposely to see her, and, in consequence of her sudden flitting, have

not accomplished my object.
"Mr. Chetwynd, it must be useless for me to say I love Barbara. I have loved her for years. I desire to make her my wife. Can it be so?"
He looked every inch the noble lover as he stood there and proudly asked this favor at the

hands of the courtly old gentleman.
"As you say, Mr. Davenal, it seems almost superfluous to tell us this, so patent has it been for so long a time. I will not stand in your way, believing you to be a man well worthy the hand of my foster-child. She will give you her answer, and, whatever it is, I will ratify

Roy bowed; he had not much fear of Barbara's withholding her consent. Then at Christmas, if she has returned, I

may claim her?

'So far as I am concerned, most certainly." Roy's face grew luminous with the great happiness, and he warmly grasped Mr. Chetwynd's hand, and offered his thanks, and in turn received both his and Mrs. Chetwynd's congratu-

Then he went across the room to De Laurian, who, his head leaning carelessly against the window, had heard, with secret triumph, the arrangements to give his wife's hand to this

"You will offer me joy? and a long life to love and cherish her, De Laurian?"
"Most heartily I wish you all you will wish me and my bride. Allow me to announce the future Mrs. Gervaise De Laurian."

Blanche had at that moment entered with the

Roy took her hand and touched it to his lips. Accept my most fervent congratulations, you know." nche. And, as your present is bright and "Sartin! Blanche. sunny, may your future be fairer and more radiant. De Laurian, you're a fortunate fel-

As well as yourself, sir." They shook hands warmly, and then Mrs. Chetwynd touched Davenal on the shoulder. please do not intimate the engagement between Rlanche and Mr. De Laurian. You'll remem-Blanche and Mr. De Laurian. You'll remember? It will be a most delightful surprise when

she returns to her own wedding to find there will be another." friends, permit me to wish you good-by. With your permission, Mr. Chetwynd, I will take one of your horses, to be sent directly home.

There is no need of that, Mr. Davenal.

"This is Barbara's chain, Mr. De Laurian."
Mrs. Chetwynd handed him the necklace; he took it to the window to examine it. What does Barbara herself think of it?" he

asked. "She does not say; I know she would like to keep it in her own possession, but I think it should remain in my keeping."

"Undoubtedly; and you may one day discover she is a duchess in disguise." Blanche wondered at the fire in her lover's

eyes as he critically surveyed the toy.

A sudden resolve had entered De Laurian's brain, and, as usual, he acted immediately in accordance with it. This chain was a link that bound Barbara and—who was at the other end? Was the necklace a stolen bauble, or really the remnant of former riches on her parents' part?
At all events, it must be his; it should be his.
With a sudden start of alarm, he sprung

from the window.

"Mr. Chetwynd—Madame! what have I, in my awkwardness, done! I have dropped the chain outside."

He hastened to the door, and to the lawn, where, under the window, was an iron grating opening into the underground reservoir, from whence came the water in the fountain. In consternation Mrs. Chetwynd followed

"What can I do to replace it? Any thing

ou can suggest shall be done."

De Laurian's face was troubled and anxious as he peered through the grating, then at the faces of Mrs. Chetwynd and her husband.

"Do not be so grieved. Accidents can not always be avoided." Her ladylike manner assured him he was pardoned for his carelessness, and they went back to the drawing-room, while De Laurian, bidling them adieu, returned home. Out of sigh of Chetwynd Chase, he checked the speed of his horse, and with a smile no language can de-scribe, drew from his coat-sleeve the broken chain of Florentine gold!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 158.)

Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT,
"RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART
OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"A STRANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XXXI

GET-UP GULCH'S CANDIDATE. THE colonel looked rather astonished at Tur-

'I don't exactly understand, Jim," he said. "Squar' as a die, kurnel!" Turner exclaimed, emphatically. "Hain't you heerd of that air awful'fair last night up to Chinese Camp?" The colonel nodded.

"Wal, now, kurnel, we've got fur to go fur them cusses or civilization 'round hyer is played out. Ef they had only robbed the 'Johns' of their dust it wouldn't have been so bad, but when they come to roasting em in a fire by inches, it's too much for decent white men to stand. I 'low that I don't keer much for the heathen, anyway, and I jest went fur to bu'st that monte bank all I knew how, but this hyer b'ilin' last night is too much. It's got to be stopped, kurnel, or whar' is the safety of the community? Thar's been a right smart lot of talk 'bout risin' a Vigilance Committee and purifying things 'round hyer, an' we free and en-lighten' citizens of Get-up Gulch hev sot in council together, an' arter a general show of hands, we low that kurnel you're the man to take the pile of you keer to straddle the blind. Get up Gulch puts up her dust on you, every time, kurnel.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to my fellowcitizens of the Gulch for the confidence that they have in me, but a Vigilance Committee to be effective must include all the leading citizens; and in this case, the Gulch, the Bar and

Poor-shoat City ought to all go in together," the colonel said.

"That's jest what we're arter, kurnel!" exclaimed Jim. "This hyer 'fair last night has riled things like blazes. It ain't two or three on us that talks of a committee; it's the hull community. Get-up Gulch has got her back up. Now, kurnel, you know the fact is the Bar has captured 'bout all she wanted; she's got the post-office, the express-office, and when we come to the Vigilantes, she'll go in fur to put up Judge Lynch herself, and I'll 'low that we itizens of the Gulch ain't a-goin' to let the Bar take every thing. We want a fair shake in this hyer shin-dig. Now, you're jest as much a citizen of the Gulch as you air of the Bar, seeing that you're President of the Get-up Gulch Gold Mining Company. And as you stop at the Waterproof saloon in the Bar, they can't in common decency go back on you. And now the p'int is jist hyer. Get-up Gulch is fur you, kurnel, tooth and nail. Will you run ef we

Well, Jim, if the citizens of the Gulch see fit to put me up for Judge Lynch, in case the Vigilance Committee is organized, I have too high a respect for their judgment to refuse to act." the colonel said.

"Hooray!" Turner got up, swung his hat, and gave a single cheer.

The colonel bowed. "It's all right, kurnel; you're the man for the position. Get-up Gulch backs you, every time, and 'tween you and me and the bedpost, kurnel," and here Turner lowered his voice and approached the colonel confidentially, "we've sent out a skirmisher fur to sound the sharps over to Poor-shoat City; ef the city goes fur you we kin run you in for sure. I reckon, kurnel, you ought for to be a pretty pop'lar

man with the boys over thar."

"Yes, I ought to be; I am also President of the Poor-shoat City Gulch Mining Company,

Sartin! Oh, we kin run you in, kurnel. heerd some of the sharps up at the Bar—I was over thar this mornin'—'low that old Pop Shook would make a good judge; now, kurnel, I ain't the man to say a word ag'in' Old Pop when compounding a cocktail is concerned, and I stand ready to back him ag'in' any four men in the hall of Mantana for weathing a read dis When you write to Barbara, Mr. Davenal, case do not intimate the engagement between anche and Mr. De Laurian. You'll rememhas; and when it comes to mixing liquors to returns to her own wedding to find there leads another."

I will not mention it. And now, my mads, permit me to wish you good-by. With many mermission Mr. Chetwynd I will take one of the sound of the than I am to run a first-class prayer-meetin'; that's honest now, kurnel."

The colonel was obliged to admit that he One of the men can ride over after you and bring back Fire-fly—you'd better take Fire-fly.

"I may possibly eatch the train Barbara took—I will try for it, at least."

The coloner was obliged to admit that he thought that Shook was not equal to the office.

"But, kurnel, you're the man to run the man to r "I may possibly catch the train Barbara chine!" Turner cried, in admiration. "I don't want to flatter you a mite, you know; I don't how he could secure an interview.

He bade them good-by, gave a hasty order run any shaft in that mine; but when we put a fiter York had been secured.

Then the thought suddenly came to him of how he could secure an interview.

It was a strange picture, that little scene, after York had been secured.

Right back of the house was the shanty,

we want him to be squar' and correct. Kurnel, you've seen fire, fightin' for your country; and I take it that, ef it come to going fur these cusses and a-wiping 'em off the face of the yearth, you know when and how to go fur 'em to leave yearth, you know when and how to go fur 'em in reg'lar style; and I jest tell you, kurnel, Get do was to lay in the stable till the girl should up Gulch is with you every time.

The colonel again bowed his acknowledgment of Turner's compliments.
"Much obleeged, kurnel," Turner added, backing to the door of the shanty; "the boys kinder wanted me to come and see how the keerds were running afore they 'chipped' in; but, seein' as every thing is correct, fur the last time, kurnel, I repeat, Get-up Gulch puts up her dust on you, and she'll break the bank for you

or bu'st Then Mr. Turner withdrew and proceeded to "carry the news to Mary" that the "kurnel" had consented to "stand" to the "boys" assembled in solemn conclave at the Nip-andtuck Hotel, which was the principal saloon of

Get-up Gulch City.

And while the interview was taking place between the colonel and the representative of the mining town, another scene was in progress the bar-room of the Waterproof Hotel at the

Just about half-past twelve, Jim York had walked into the saloon and asked for a glass of whisky. It being the dinner-hour the saloon was deserted, Shook alone being present attend-

ng to the bar

The old man looked at York for a moment. but made no motion toward serving him.

"Will you oblige me with a glass of whisky?" York asked, a frown upon his dark face; and, as he spoke, he took a silver dollar from his pocket and laid it on the counter. Shook quietly pushed the dollar back to

What do you mean?" York demanded, in astonishment, and the visible signs of rage beginning to appear on his face. Your money ain't good hyer," Shook said.

quietly.
"What do you mean by that?" York exclaimed, hastily. "I mean jest what I say," replied the old man, firmly; "and I say it over ag'in so that you kin understand me. I say that your money

ain't good at this hyer bar."
"Do you think the piece is bad?" York exclaimed; "if you do, here's a half-dozen more; pick out one to suit you," and as he spoke he

rattled the dollars down on the counter.

"I don't say that your money's bad," Shook replied, getting red in the face, "but I do say that it ain't good hyer, and you'll greatly obleege me of you'll walk out of that door and never come inside of it again. Now that's good

never come inside of it again. Now, that's good plain English, Mr. York."

"Yes, very plain," York said, with a seornful laugh. "I s'pose a man may ask an explanation of such treatment, mayn't he?"

"Their's good that again." We have a second that a seornful laugh. "I s'pose a man may ask an explanation of such treatment, mayn't he?" 'I hain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook

exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan, you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that

nade the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk "Hoyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and me," ne thrust his hand under the counter as if to

grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile. "Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he ex-claimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

The old man looked for a moment into the threatening eyes of York, and came instantly to the conclusion that he had better get rid of him peacefully.

"Now, see hyer, York," he said, half in entreaty, "I don't want to have any trouble with you, but I don't want you to come round hyer any more. You know what the reason is as well as I do. My gal ain't for you."

"Not for me, eh?" and there was a peculiar

smile upon York's face. Shook was adept at reading thoughts in faces; if he had been, that quiet smile would have troubled him. 'No, and you might as well know it, fust as last, and, as a friend, I'll jest give you a word of advice: jest you git out while you kin things are workin', and thar'll be a hurricane round hyer fust thing you know. And when the hurricane comes, them folks what plays keerds for a living had better be emigrating

York smiled sarcastically; it was not the first time he had heard of a vigilance committee; but, grown bold by impunity, he laughed at the idea. He had heard the cry of "wolf" too

often.
"When the Vigilantes tackle me, maybe
they'll have their hands full," York said, sig-I only gi'n you fair warning, that's all,"

"Then I'm to understand that my presence is not desired in the Waterproof saloon?"
"When I've got any thing to say to a man, I generally spit it right out." Shook's eyes

I'm much obliged, old man, for your warning as to the Vigilantes, and as for the other I'll never darken your door again," then York picked up his money and walked out into the street.

CHAPTER XXXII.

YORK AND BESSIE.

"Nor for me!" York repeated, slowly, to himself, as he stood before the door of the salimself, as he stood before the door of the saloon. "I'll bet you two to one, Old' Shook, that you lie!" he continued, an ugly smile upon his face. Then he glanced up and down the street thoughtfully. "I wonder it there was street thoughtfully. "I wonder if there was any truth in the old man's words about the Vigilantes, or was it only a trick to scare me ut of town? Out of sight, out of mind, the old adage says, and the 'sharp' that made it knew woman devilish well; ay, and man, too, for that matter. The old man thinks that if I go away the girl will forget me. Maybe he's right, but I won't give her the chance to rob me out of her memory so easily just yet. She's mine if I choose to take her, and who's to hinder me, I'd like to know?" and York looked around him, defiantly. Then he walked slowly up to the corner of the shanty. As he did so, his eyes fell upon a little group of miners on the other side of the street in front of the "Let-her-rip saloon," and in the middle of the group was a Chinaman, minus the pig-tail, evidently relating the story of the destruction of the Chinese Camp.

York watched the little group for a moment, a dark and angry look upon his face.
"That affair of last night has raised a bigger

breeze than I anticipated. The cursed fools! What do they want to trouble themselves about the 'Johns' for? They ought to be all driven out of the country by rights. I'm afraid that there is going to be trouble, after all.' York remained for a few minutes motionless,

in deep thought. He was thinking of some way to gain an interview with Bessie.
"I'll take her with me if she'll go," he muttered, between his teeth, "even if I have to light every inch of the way!"

She went down the steps and entered the driage in her own peculiarly independent ay, and every eye followed her with admiration.

She went down the steps and entered the driage in her own peculiarly independent away, followed by De Laurian's dark eyes, that combined a mingled look of mocking triumph and derisive pity.

In the rear of the we want him to be squar' and correct. Kurnel, stable was a chicken-coop and yard, and York you've seen fire, fightin' for your country; and look of mocking triumph and derisive pity.

With York to think was to act, and so he proceeded at once to the stable. His mind fully occupied by thoughts of the girl, he did not notiee that, as he turned the corner of the saloon and disappeared behind it, two of the group on the other side of the street detached themselves from the rest and crossed the street, apparently watching him.

The stable, which was nothing but an open shed, stood with its side to the house, so that any one within was fully concealed from all observation from the windows of the hotel.

York had not been twenty minutes in the stable when Bessie entered with a plate full of scraps for the chickens. She started in alarm when she saw York, and the plate dropped to he ground.

York stepped forward at once, grasped her by the wrist, and drew her within the shed fairly out of sight.

"Hush, Bessie," he cried; "don't make a noise. I want to speak to you for a few min-

"Oh, Jim, let me go," she said, evidently very much alarmed; but York kept a firm hold

upon her wrist.
"Why, Bessie, are you afraid of me?" he exclaimed, reproachfully.
"No, Jim, but—" and then she paused.

"But what?"

"If father should come."

"Well, what of it, even if he should come?"
"Why, he would be very angry, Jim."
"Yes, I suppose so." York's lip curled, contemptuously. "He has just informed me tha he prefers I should not enter his door again." "He has just informed me that And as he spoke he watched the girl's face closely. What he saw there did not appear to lease him, for an angry glare came into his

"And so, Bessie, this I suppose must be our last meeting," and he placed his arm round the girl's waist and drew her up close to him. He fould feel that she was trembling in every limb. Bitter curses were on his tongue, but, with a great effort, he forced them back, and strove to

eep his temper Yes, our last meeting," the girl replied, mehanically.

'And you are willing that it should be so? he asked, with ill-disguised contempt.
"What can I do?" she rejoined, innocently Father told me that he would never give his consent to my having you, and made me promise

to give you up altogether."

"And did you give him such a promise?" York asked, outwardly calm, but the raging fires of angry passion burning in his veins.
"What could I do?" she asked, helplessly

"Do?" he cried, almost fiercely. "Why, tand up for the man that you love, though all the world should come between us and bid you

to forget me?" The girl trembled at his angry manner. "But, Jim, I ought to do what father tells she murmured.

"When he tells you to forget the man that you love?—and you do love me, Bessie, don't At the moment that he put the question the

trembling girl seemed more given to fear than

ove. "I don't know," she murmured, evidently bewildered. "Don't know?" and York's face grew white, a sure sign in him of terrible rage. "By heaven, Bessie, I took you to be a braver girl than to give up the man you love at a word. love me, I know it, and for my part I swear that I'll never give you up. You are mine, and,

Bessie, I'll take you in spite of a thousand "Oh, Jim, don't talk so dreadfully," the girl flirt with you; and, Jim, I don't believe that I Dick. do really love you well enough to run away and

leave my folks for you." York to raise his arm and strike the girl to his feet, so bitter was his rage; while she, happening to look up in his face, recoiled from him in

"Oh, you are a true woman!" he cried, bitterly. "You go just so far, and then say, coolly, 'Stop, I must go back." Did it ever occur to you that, when you tried to make me your slave, it might end in my being your mas-Bessie, I am sure that you do care for me, though, like a coward, you have let them persuade you that you do not. Why, girl, if his senses, you will only go with me, I can make a very A spor queen out of you. I can give you diamonds brighter than your eyes. I'll take you East; ou shall shine in the big cities there, and with your beauty and my money you'll have the multitude at your feet, and not one of them vill guess that you're the daughter of old Pop Shook, who runs the Waterproof saloon at Humbug Bar. Why, Bessie, I've got more

money than any man in Montana."

The girl opened her eyes in astonishment. She knew that York always appeared to have plenty of money, but report said that he was always successful at cards.

Why, where did you make your money, Jim?" she asked, in wonder.
"Oh, I found a 'pocket' out in the moun-

tains," he answered, carelessly, laughing. "Why, Bess, the virgin gold lies there in lumps as big as your fist. Nothing to do but put your hand down and pick 'em up. But, come, Bessie, girl; you won't give me up just because your father has taken a dislike to me? You see, Bess, I've got enemies who have talked to him until he thinks that I'm a regular scallawag. Come, Bess, put up your lips, give me a kiss, and say that you'll be mine, though all the world goes against me."

And then he bent his head down to kiss the

red lips of the girl, but that kiss he never took, for round the corner of the stable bounded two men, and in a twinkling Jim York was over on his back, struggling vainly in an iron grasp.

CHAPTER XXXIII. IN THE NET.

Over and over on the ground rolled York and his unknown assailant. Although taken by surprise, York made a desperate resistance. Mounts. It was but of little avail, for the arms that tinued. grasped him were arms of steel, yet supple as the bending willow.

Bessie at the moment of the sudden attack screamed at the top of her voice, and the result was that the stable was surrounded by a curious crowd almost instantly.

York was quickly overpowered, for the se-cond assailant laid hold of his feet and bound them in a twinkling, and then helped his companion to bind York's arms.

Old Shook, who was one of the first to arrive upon the scene, was scarlet with rage when he beheld his daughter, evidently surprised in a secret meeting with the man she had promised

By the captured man, bound hand and foot, and lying at full length upon the ground, stood his assailants, Dick Talbot and the Indian, Mud Turtle; Dick looking down upon the face of his ancient foe with a quiet smile of satisfaction, while the Indian stood like a statue, no expression whatever upon his features. Bessie had begun to cry, and the tears were

trickling down between her fingers as she hid

her face in her hands. The bystanders looked at each other in perfect astonishment. A fist-fight, or a quarrel wherein revolvers and bowie-knives played a conspicuous part, they could understand; the streets—or street, to speak more correctly—of Humbug Bar had witnessed many such a sight; but to see two men pitch upon a third neither beat, wound nor main him in the least, only truss him up like a fowl ready for roast-

ing, was really a novelty. .
"What's broke? What's up, say?" questioned the crowd, one of the other. No wonder that the lookers-on were astonished, for wily, cool-eyed Talbot had disarmed York the moment he had bound him.

And Bessie weeping, and old Shook in a towering rage. It was not strange that, looking upon such a seene, the miners asked for an explanation.
"Oh, Bessie!" cried the old man, too angry

to vent his rage in words.

"I couldn't help it, father!" the girl sobbed.

"Oh, you villain!" and Shook doubled up his fist and looked as if he was about to spring

forward and take immediate vengeance on York, bound and helpless as he was. "Don't blame the gir!" York cried, his usual coolness returning. "It was not her fault. She did not know that I was here when she came, and, as for myself, maybe I wanted to say good-by. I'd like to know, though, of you, stranger, what you mean by this work?" and York addressed his speech to Talbot. "Jumping on a man without giving him a chance to defend himself; two of you on one, too. Boys, do you call that giving a man a fair show?" he appealed to the crowd who were gathered around the entrance to the shed.

A murmur of disapprobation came from the "What's the trouble, anyway?" one asked, speaking for the rest, but before Talbot could reply, "Kangaroo" pushed his way through the crowd; he had been standing in the backround, apparently waiting to see which way

ffairs were tending. Kangaroo swaggered up to Talbot, his revolver drawn and in his hand, and his finger upon the hammer, ready to cock it.

"Look-a-hyer! we'll jist take a hand in this hyer game, an' we want a fresh deal all round the board. Jist you let him up. I'm on the shoot now, I jist tell you."

"Oh, you are on the shoot, eh, Mr. Kangaroo Denton?" Talbot said, in his quiet way, and the revolver which he had taken from York he thrust into his belt. The manner of Injun Dick was extremely pleasant, his face calm and placid, vet there was a peculiar look about the eyes which belied the smile.

"Wal, that's my name, an' I don't go back on it," Denton said, boisterously; but it was plain that he was annoyed at being recog-"Do you wish to assist your friend over yon-

der?" Dick asked, smiling in such a manner that it irritated the gentle Denton most terribly.
"Wal, I do, an' Fin goin' to, too, now; you kin bet all your gold-dust on it!" Denton exclaimed. He really began to believe that he claimed.

had succeeded in backing Dick down, but the quiet, supercilious smile annoyed him. 'Pass right on, sir, and assist him," Dick said, with extreme politeness, stepping to one side that the other might pass.

Denton hesitated for a moment; he was try ing to think of some biting remark to hurl at his cool antagonist, but he was not quick-witted, and had to content himself with a muttered growl; then he advanced to the aid of York. very foolishly; I can't tell what set me on to had come that boded no good to his foe, Injun

Three steps Kangaroo took; three swaggerave my folks for you." ing steps that told more plainly than words As he heard this speech, 'twas in the heart of how great he felt his triumph to be, and then a smothered cry from York; a long breath of wonder from the bystanders, and Mr. Denton felt a sensation under his right ear as if a stray mule had got into the stable and kicked him. Over he went into the arms of the Indian, and, in a second, Kangaroo, bound hand and foot, was lying by the side of York. The blow, delivered straight as a die and with the quickness of the panther's spring by Dick's powerful arm, had knocked the bully completely out of time. and it was full five minutes before he recovered

> A spontaneous burst of admiration came from the lips of the crowd. As one of the throng afterward remarked, it "was the puttiest, cleanest lick he ever see'd struck in Mon-

And then, the sentiment of surprise over, the crowd surged forward a step or so as if with intent to take a hand in the game; but, in his easy, quiet way, Dick waved them back with one hand, while he drew a revolver from his celt and cocked it with the other. "Hold on, gentlemen!" he cried; "this is my

funeral. I'm running this grave-yard. This long-legged fellow here talked about two on one a minute ago and appealed to you for fair play. It didn't take two to lay him out. This isn't any common affair, gentlemen. I don't want to boast, but I think that any one of you, after what you have seen, would be perfectly willing to take your oath that I didn't want any backer in this fight if I had wished to kill ither of these men.

"That's so!" cried one of the crowd, emphatically. "Co-rect!" exclaimed a second. Dick had made the impression that a cool and determined man usually produces upon a

crowd. "What's the matter, anyway?" inquired Shook, whose curiosity had gotten the better of his anger.

And the crowd re - echoed the old man's words. "These men are guilty of both robbery and murder," replied Dick, quietly. A hum of astonishment rose from the crowd,

and with open mouths they looked at each other "Both these men are members of Rocky Mountain Rob's road-agents," Talbot con-

You lie!" cried York, fiercely, but his face was deathly pale. The crowd were thoroughly astonished at

the charge. "Is that so?" exclaimed Shook, in wonder; and Bessie, taking advantage of the confusion amid the crowd, slipped from the stable and ran, with the swiftness of a fawn, into the

house York alone noticed her departure, and a bitter curse came from his lips. Oh, how he prayed for a giant's strength to burst the bonds which confined him, that he might spring upon his foe, and, with a single grasp, choke the

BARURDAY PUAR FULLENALS -E-2-

York, writhing in the keen agonies of impotent rage, and grinding his teeth like a maddened

"I'll give you a chance to prove that before you're a day older," Talbot replied, with pro-

"You're all a set of cowards!" York cried, of with rage. "Give me back my liberty and hot with rage. my arms, and I'll fight you, one and all-I will, by Heaven !"

"'Tain't any use 'busing us," one of the miners remarked, tartly. "We hain't lifted a finger ag'in' ye. We don't know 'xactly how it was with you, seein' as how the spoonge had bin throwed up for you afore we come, but, as fur your friend thar, he were licked in fa'r

"He struck him unawares!" York cried.
"The galoot ought for to kept his eyes peeled arter he b'iled in," another miner remarked,

This man lies when he says that I am one of the road-agents!" York exclaimed. "Is he

going to be my judge?"

"No siree!" cried Shook, emphatically.

"Give me a fair show, that's all I ask," York said, striving to appear calm. "Who'll try me,

"Judge Lynch, old man!" (To be continued-Commenced in No. 152.)

Cat and Tiger: THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY,

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED GOORPION," "PEARL OF PRARLS," "HEROULES, THE HUNCHEACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.-CONTINUED. "CORTEZ MENDOZE, I am Dwyr Allison-"

"So I thought—devils seize you!"
"I ought to take your life—"

"Take it, then !" You are not fit to die, with the blood of Carline Mandoro on your hands."
"Maledictions on Carline Mandoro!" spurted Cortez, venting the words in a strangling breath,

'I did not harm Carline Mandoro, and I can "No, you can not prove that. Perhaps, too, you will prove that you did not kill Wart

I tell you I can-" "You lie, Cortez Mendoze!"

Caramba!" squirming and writhing desper-

ately.
"You, did kill Wart Gomez; you did stab
Carline Mandoro."
"No—I did not! Wart Gomez died by the

hand of Sanzo Romero; and it was he who stabbed Carline Mandoro. I am an innocent

'Who is Sanzo Romero?" "That is no business of yours!"
"This is a trick by which you hope to save

your life."
"Caramba! Devil take my life! I am an innocent man. Shoot off that pistol, and you will be a murderer! I will point you out to Satan, when you come to the next world! Ho! ho! and he laughed—a half-choked, wild ho! ho!" and he laughed—a half-choked, wild around her ankles.

It was an ingenious contrivance, a combinative same time; and, from underneath the chair, two circlets of iron clasped, with a double click, around her ankles.

It was an ingenious contrivance, a combinative same time; and springs that worked with

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISTRESS AND MAID. IT was the day after the night marked by our alarmed.

recent chapters of narrative and explanation. The hour was five, P. M.

rich carpeting—not absently, either, for the lus-trous eyes anon shone forth from their brilliant chievous apparatus, saying, while doing it: depths, a glance that was full of strangelyguided thought.

She had slept well the night gone, when Eloise had watched by her couch; she looked as fresh and beautiful as ever-only, there was a peculiar seriousness in the expression of her ee, one indicative of unusual reflection, and

inward musing. The girl," she uttered at last, in a low. meditative way, "may be just the one; the thing, the convenience I want, to rid myself of that villainous Cortez Mendoze. That she is his half-sister, I am convinced by what I learned from Jacques and Nio of their girl accomplice, Rosella-and Eloise must be this Rosella by her own story of crossing the ocean with Carlos Mendoze-it must have been no other than Mendoze — and her subsequent escape form the Orphan Girls' Asylum, where the

Quack placed her. I may, in some way, use that, then I must use her in some way, and force her to obey me by my knowledge of her past life. It is strange how familiar her face is to me whenever I look at her closely. I am sure I never saw her until she entered my service, six months ago; and yet there is something-a glance that sometimes darts from her gray eyes which reminds me of the dead Floros must not think of my dead rival again! And I am foolish; I am sure that I know pretty much the history of this Eloise Cyleyr. The plot, now! How shall I manage

She drummed on the table with the penholder and stared harder at the carpet, as she taxed her fertile brain for a feasible means by which to use Eloise in ridding herself of Cortez Mendoze; for, that Cortez Mendoze was half-bro ther to the maid, she felt assured by answers to questions she had shrewdly put to the latter during the forenoon, and which corroborated suspicions of hers, sprung of certain informa-tion which she had incidentally gained of Nio, one of the ruffians we have seen in her employ

in New Orleans. And she must have partially arrived at a determination, for the knitting of the delicate brows gradually relaxed, and the expression of her features assumed an easier outline.

While she was thus occupied, Eloise came into the room. "Well, have you done as I instructed you?" the beauty asked, while Eloise lighted the lamp her mistress was accustomed to burn,

instead of gas, in that room. Yes, madame," replied the maid.

"And there is another thing, Eloise—what about my servants?" "They are all gone. They left within two hours after madame discharged them; and one

"Ah! 'one said!" What did one say?" "One said-it was Leo, the cook-that she had heard strange noises last night."
"Ha! And did she see any thing, Eloise

think you?" "I can not answer as to that, madame." "This Leo, the cook, may or may not have seen any thing, for all you know?"

"Well, and was there any other remark by these apish, gossiping servants?"
"None that I heard, medame. But every one of them seemed glad to depart.'

Then, after a long pause: "Eloise-I was questioning you this morn-

Yes," returned the maid; adding, closely Does madame want me for any thing else at present? I would like—"

"I wish to speak again on the subject of our conversation this morning," interrupted the "Madame is interested in me. I am grateful.

"I have not forgotten a single item of what you told me. And I have much to add."

"Madame forgets: she said she would explore the hole in the cellar wall to-day. Shall e not do it now?"

Evidently she disliked to have her mistress evive the subject of their morning's conversation, else she would not have made the sugges tion she did; for we know that-to all appear ance-Eloise was strongly adverse to exploring he hole in the cellar and courting the danger

which might be lurking beyond it. "Never mind that, just now; there are other matters more pressing, to which I must attend.

Listen to me, now. "Yes, madame," uneasily.

"I am going away from Philadelphia."
"Going away?"

"Yes. Instead of trying to find out who or what this Shadow is, that has haunted me for fifteen years, I have fixed upon another plan: I will try to escape it. 'Yes, madame," said Eloise, unmeaningly.

"At the same time, and in the same means, I will make an effort to escape this villainous Spaniard, who is my deadly enemy, and who, also, it seems, has been tracking me for fifteen years. You remember, Eloise, when you and I were riding in Fairmount Park, some months ago, I called your attention to a man who stared at us from a passing carriage, and who was out of sight before I could recognize him? It was Cortez Mendoze, the man who came here last night. He must have followed me from the Park, and ascertained, in that way, where I lived. He is my enemy; he has been hunting me for fifteen years; he has found me. I must get rid of him, and you are to aid me."

"I, madame?"
"You." "How is it possible?"

"I will tell you. Mark weil all I shall say. You mailed a note for me awhile ago, addressed to Cortez Mendoze, through the general delivery of the post-office."

know he will, he must sit in that chair—that one—there, with the high back against the wall. Seat yourself in it, Eloise."

Eloise obeyed half-hesitating. When she was seated, Helene went up to her, and touched a tiny knob—which was a spring—at the top of the high back.

Instantly, the arms of the chair crossed each other, and pressed tightly down on the limbs of the one who sat there. From the back there

the one who sat there. From the back there shot around a thin band of iron, which glided

terrible efficiency.

Taken so suddenly by surprise, and perceiving how utterly helpless she was, Eloise felt "Madame!" she screamed, in affright.

The hour was five, P. M.

Helene Cercy, in her boudoir, was sitting at a writing-table, idly twirling a penholder between her fingers and gazing absently down at the rich carneting—not absently either for the lustic descriptions—not absently either for the lustic description and the formal description of the

"That chair was made for me, many years ago, by two old slaves of mine, named Jacques

"Jacques and Nio!" came like a startled echo from the maid's lips; and she trembled

visibly. "I am not mistaken," thought Helene, who had purposely uttered the two names with a peculiar emphasis, and then watched keenly to note the effect upon Eloise. "I am not mis-taken. Eloise Cyleyr and Rosella, the 'thieves' pride,' are identical. See how quickly she reognized those names !- the names of the men employed, fifteen years ago, in New Orleans.'

"Why did you start, Eleise? Did you-" "I thought I saw a face among the plants on the balcony, madame," replied Eloise, interrupting, and nervously pointing toward the window which opened on a small balcony her relationship to my interests. Or, if not where there were a number of plants and flow-

> "But, why did you repeat those names?-Jacques and Nio.'

"Indeed, I scarce know. I heard you utter them, madame; and, at the moment, I was so frightened, the exclamation must have burst involuntarily from my lips."
"She lies admirably!" was Helene's mental

comment on this prompt excuse; and aloud, she said : 'Now, Eloise, when Cortez Mendoze comes he must sit in that chair-you saw how I used

? But, I will not be here. I am going away this very night. Eloise listened. "I will leave you in charge of the house

Every night, without fail, you must be dressed in the same clothes I wore last night when Cortez Mendoze was here."

Yes, madame.

"You must, also, wear a mask-a wire mask."

"A mask, madame?"
"Yes. I have noticed that, in figure and voice, you are very like me-your hair, too, is long and black, like mine. Do you not see?—you are to assume the character of Helene Cercy. Behind the mask, which you will insist on retaining, you will not be known otherwise. You will receive Cortez Mendoze. When he comes, you will invite him up here. You will tell him that you have concluded to yield to his demand to become his wife-" "His wife!"

"Pah! you will tell him that to deceive him.
Tell him that you wish to converse upon matters relative to the marriage. Persuade him up here. Seat him in that chair. Then make him

captive, as I did you a moment ago."
And then?—" asked Eloise, pausing. "Then you will set fire to the house. "Set fire to the house!"

"But, madame-"

"Have the lamp ready, like it burns now, on the table. Upset it on the bed and floor. Throw a blanket round his head, so that his cries may not be heard. Lock the door securely—and fice for your life. I will meet you in St. Louis. I want to retain you in my service. As this revolting plot for the destruction of Cortez Mendoze burst from the lips of the beautiful woman, a deep color suffused her cheeks, she spoke excitedly, her eyes flashed and glit-

"And I am glad they have gone !" exclaimed Helene, worriedly. "But I hope they, or any of them, have not seen this Green Shadow."

wividness, she could fancy she saw her hated enemy imprisoned fast by the contrivance of the chair, writhing in the smoke and heat "Malediction!" he exclaimed, his eyes widenenemy imprisoned fast by the contrivance of the chair, writhing in the smoke and heat closing around him. A picture of his miseries arose in her imagination; she could almost hear his fierce oaths and desperate, agonizing cries. And she had determined that Eloise should

carry out this diabolical scheme.
"Madame!" exclaimed the amazed Eloise, in an accent of horror.

"Do you understand me?" interrogated the beauty. But-"

"Well ?-- but.' But what?" "I can not-I can not perpetrate so fiendish "Oh, you can not? But you shall! Do you

hear me, Eloise?—I say you shall!"
"She is certainly crazed!" resolved Eloise, inwardly, and shuddering imperceptibly at the strange sound of her mistress' voice. I say you shall aid me. Let me show you

how I can compel you-" "Compel me, madame?" with a singular firmness.

"Ah!" passed through Helene's brain, "there is that same look in the gray eyes —the very glance I have seen Florose Earncliffe dart—pah! what foolishness!" And to Eloise: "Ay, compel you. Hark, now, Eloise Cyl-cyr: I know you well."

"Can it be that she has discovered me?" exclaimed Eloise, within herself, in a slight trepi-

She stepped back before the frowning face that approached her. For Helene misunder-stood that trepidation as a guilty tremor. You are a culprit this moment !

" Madame!" "You were once under arrest for being con-

cerned in the robbery of the house of Elsor Earncliffe, in the city of New Orleans. Ha!—you are turning white." Eloise had paled at mention of the name of Elsor Earncliffe.

"You escaped the summary punishment you merited through lack of sufficient evidence. You were known then as 'Rosella'—you were associated with a number of thieves, who called "This you their 'pride.' After you were released by the authorities, it was supposed that you committed suicide, for a body, with features resembling yours, was found floating, dead, near foot made your hair black, by the same means, ery of the post-office."

"Yes."

"He may get that note, or he may not. I think it more than likely he will. It contains an invitation to call on me, any evening within twelve days from date. When he comes, as I know he will, he must sit in that chair—that doze the Oueck and placed in the oueck. doze, the Quack, and placed in the Orphan Girls' Asylum; that you ran away from this place, and joined a gang of thieves, under the name of Rosella. Jacques and Nio were your accomplices in robbing the house of Elsor Earncliffe," (Eloise grew pale again at mention of Elsor Earncliffe) "on which occasion one of the servants was killed in giving the alarm."

1000 out!"

"Will you swear to go quietly?" asked Gaeol, speaking rapidly. "For, remember, I am in earnest: you shall die the moment you falter, hesitate, or resist!"

"I will go," replied Cortez, dolefully. "Come, then. Do not forget: your life the right, or to the left or other than directly the right, or to the left or other than directly. the servants was killed in giving the alarm. They know you well. They can identify you in connection with the burglary and the killing of the servant. I know that Jacques and Nio are still living, and I can easily find them. Now, what if I seek them out, and say: 'Look—here is Rosella, not dead, after all! I want to use her for a purpose and the it. to use her for a purpose, and she is obstinate. I will give you five thousand dollars apiece if you will turn State's evidence against her! What then, eh? They will do as I desire-I know it, because—I may tell you—I have bribed them, for a much smaller sum, to kill people for me! You will be sent to prison! And thus I will serve you, Eloise Cylcyr, if you refuse to perform the task I am about to give you! Cortez Mendoze must be destroyed. You must

destroy him !"
" Madame !-" "Not a word !-- unless to agree to what Oh, madame! you have ruined me!" cried Eloise

"Not yet; but I will, if you refuse to obey me. "No, no; you have done it already!"

"I say I have not—but promise you that I will !" "But, madame, you have done it now! Oh,

Heaven! Eloise had bowed her face to her hands, and seemed greatly excited and terrified.
"What do you mean by saying that I have

already ruined you?" "Madame!—there has been a listener to all you have said!"

glanced quickly around, half-expecting to discover some one standing near them The room was growing dark. The sun had iron grip still at his collar, the pistol still insunk; and queer shadows were forming about the two, aided by the low, weird flame of the lamp, as they stood there, en tableau.
"You are mistaken, Eloise."

"No, madame, I am not. I saw a face at that window, there-on the balcony.'

Helene wheeled about, with the intention of nastening to the small balcony, to see if her maid was right.

But she paused short. A startling sound fell upon her ears.

They could hear a heavy, rapid footstep seending the stairs—soon it was in the hallway.

In a moment the door was burst open, with a uivering bang, and Cortez Mendoze bounded nto the room He was bareheaded, he stared wildly, each hand he carried a cocked pistol; his hair was on end in dishevelment; his face was pale

haggard, ferocious; and, as he broke thus suddenly and unexpectedly upon them, he halfcried, half-yelped:
"Caramba! Malediction! The devil!"

> CHAPTER XXIV. THE SHADOW UNMASKS.

WE return to Cortez Mendoze, who panted and writhed beneath his unseen captor, in the cellar of the house adjoining the residence of

Helene Cercy. "Spaniard," said this invisible foe, "you tempt me to kill you?" "Kill away, then !"

"No, I have another punishment in store for ou. Look!" As the unseen spoke, the cellar was lighted up brilliantly. Zetta came upon the scene, carrying a large lamp, whose broad, flaring flame discovered the

tableau in progress.

Behind Zetta was another female—a figure garbed from head to foot in green, and whose glittering eyes flashed from their faceless sur-

face on the bewildered Spaniard. Cortez Mendoze stared in astonishment. The man who held him pinioned down to the earth was a negro; and this negro was Gaeol, whom we have seen before in the earlier part

Perplexed and amazed, Cortez stared first at the ebon countenance that lowered above him —then turned his head, and gnashed his teeth, as he looked upon the thing which was, beyond While she unfolded the plan with such | doubt, the Green Shadow, whose objective, yet

ing in their riveted gaze.
"You see, Cortez Mendoze, you are in a

"Oh, yes!—I see!" he howled, gratingly. "Oh, yes!—I see!" he howled, gratingly.
"You are all my enemies! You have me trapped securely! Next thing, I shall be torn in shreds by— Ha! Caramba! Keep off, you shape of the devil!" the last as the enigmal Shadow advanced quickly, and knelt beside him, fixing those strange, dark, piercing eyes full on his face.

There was something about the figure, about the suddenness of its actions, that made him shudder and recoil, despite his strong nerves

"Cortez Mendoze," said the Shadow, in a rustling, whispering, menacing voice, "we have caught you at last! We shall mete out that retribution you deserve—not for the murder of Carline Mandore, but for the murder of Wart

"Malediction! Then I shall suffer for a crime which I never committed."
"You are a villain and liar!"

Cortez only scowled, clinching his jaws iercely as he met the penetrating look of the "Hush!" said Zetta, raising one hand, warningly. "I hear footsteps. Some one is approaching the cellar of the next house. This

light will be seen through the hole."
"Cortez Mendoze," Gaeol hissed, tightening his hold on the throat of the captive, and pressing the cold muzzle of the weapon closer, "will you die, or will you live? We want you to get up and come with us. You must make no noise. If you are not ready to obey, I swear, by the heaven above us, I will fire this pistol and kill you on the spot! Be quick!-your

"Caramba! I will go," answered Cortez. changing his manner, abruptly, to one of sub-

For, with the quickness of a lightning flash, he reasoned as follows:

"This negro—whom I took to be Dwyr Allison—is a Satan! I see murder in his eye! He will certainly keep his word if I hesitate! He will pull that trigger, and my brains will be spilled! Malediction! I must not die yet-I of Canal street. You were then fair, with light hair—am I not right? You have since browned your face with some very delicate dye, and die till I have had my revenge!—revenge on made your hair black, by the same means. Of Helene Cercy, and on these vultures—all—eacourse you were never heard of after the finding of the body. But, you were far from being giant of a negro, this 'curst Shadow, this wo-

the right, or to the left, or other than directly in front, you die in your tracks."

"I tell you I will go-and I swear to submit quietly. The Spaniard was permitted to regain his

feet. Gaeol grasped him by the collar, with a hold of iron, and thrust the pistol-barrel into his ear.
"The deuce!" thought Cortez. "If he trips or stumbles, or has a nervous contraction of the finger, I am a dead man. Curse this fix!"

Zetta led the way from the cellar. The
Shadow followed stealthily in their rear.

Cortez behaved docilely enough—walked straight and steady; but, all the while, his eyes were snapping, his teeth were grinding, a fire of murderous hate and anger was seething in his passionate breast, as he inwardly cursed the trio who so cleverly had gotten him into their nihilate these tormenting captors, should op-

portunity ever offer.

They proceeded to the large room on the second floor, where we first introduced the beautiful girl. Zuelo, to the reader.

Here they paused. Zetta—holding the great lamp so that its rays fell across the frowning, scowling, contorted face of their prisoner—looked upon him in tri-

The Shadow was near; the flashing, scintillating eyes fastened like orbs of a deadly charm on the Spaniard. "Now, Coriez Mendoze," said Gaeol, in that deep voice which made his utterance so im-

ou have said!"

"A listener?—no! Impossible!" and Helene Mandoro—" " Caramba! no!" interrupted Cortez, who stood with his back toward the speaker

> A man of less nerve than Cortez Mendoze must have quailed in terror under so startling a predicament; for, had there occurred the least hing to disturb the trigger of the pistol, the

> days of the man it menaced would end with the fatal discharge. "And we grant that you are right," continued the negro. "We know that you did not kill Carline Mandoro-"

> "You stabbed her—but you did not murder her as you thought and intended. She lived. But you did kill Wart Gomez, and for that we shall deal with you as your crime deserves. We are the avengers of Wart Gomez!"

> You remember me?" inquired Zetta, sternly. "You were the servant of Carline Mandoro-es. You think I murdered Wart Gomez; you think I stabbed Carline Mandoro; you vengeance on me, because I wronged, or tried to wrong, or killed, or tried to kill your master and mistress. But you are mistaken. I am an innocent man! Caramba!"

"What proof have you of it?" demanded "The dying confession of Sanzo Romero !"

"Who was Sanzo Romero?" "He was one of a gang of thieves who were governed by that girl-queen, called by them 'Rosella, the Pride.' Sanzo Romero killed Wart Gomez—not I!"

"Where is this confession?" "It is here!" He drew a folded manuscript from his pocket, and cast it upon the floor, at the feet of Zetta.

The woman picked it up.
"Read it," he added, doggedly, "and you will see that I did not kill Wart Gomez, and, also, that it was not I who stabbed Carline Mandoro. I am an innocent, but unlucky dog ! "We will read it, but not now," Gaeol said.

"Do you know that face, Cortez Mendoze? Look Gaeol pointed to the green figure

At the sign, this figure tore away the pe-culiar, eyeleted skin which gave a shapeless-ness to her features, and Zuelo Nanez was re-But Cortez Mendoze could not suppress a

ery. Malediction!" he blurted. "It is Carline Mandoro herself !--or her ghost, as she looked dawned from the further darkness. when she was killed, fifteen years ago!"

dawned from the further darkness. "Come, Beauty, my gal; all's (To be continued-Commenced in No. 154.)

The False Widow:

FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CEGIL'S DE-CEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME DU-RAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

OUT WITH THE LIGHTS, THE CURTAIN FALLS!" THE low dark house under those eerie cliffs toppling stark and grim above the sea, was a scene of hilarity and reckless confusion. It was two o'clock of the night the smugglers' boat came in. The great kitchen was ruddily lighted with the flame crackling up into the broad chimney throat; besides, there were tal-low candles flaring here and there on the tables and up against the walls. A long table ranged quite across the room. The remains of the supper had been cleared away, and liquor was set out upon it now. The men grew boisterous as they drank some jully others quarrelessed.

set out upon it now. The hen grew bosserous as they drank, some jolly, others quarrelsome in their cups.

"Where's the colonel that he doesn't jine us?" asked one. "Mebbe, though, as he takes none o' the risks, he'll take none o' the good chore acterward."

none o' the risks, he'll take none o' the good cheer arterward."

"He's allers ready to take his share o' the profits," grumbled another. "It's not fair, I say, him that's never at hand 'cept when there's a divide to be made; it's not fair he should get the lion's share o' it all."

"Stop there, my good fellow." The man started. There at his back stood the colonel, quiet smiling hut with an argum should be a started.

eyes. His cold, even tones went on:
"I think all here understand, though I am not often with you, that the part I have assumed is more arduous, my peril greater and more constant, than that of any other member of the band. You can not get along without me, my men. My warnings have enabled you to ward off suspicion and surprises, and my watchfulness has brought you rich booty too often for me to fear that my services are not appreciated. There, my friends! I don't want to be forced into dwelling upon my own

quiet, smiling, but with an angry gleam in his

merits. "I have come to ask a favor-a personal favor to be duly requited. There are ladies in the house, and I am sure you will all be willing to show the respect due them. Don't get too loud over the bottle, and don't let any thing unpleasant occur—no disagreements, you un-

'Romantic affair," murmured the Reverend Sprague, who had accompanied him in. "Young couple—guardian opposed—besought the protection of our worthy colonel. Brought them here—your humble servant has the happiness of uniting the happy pair—young lady faints from excess of joy. Sensitive nature—very. The colonel's quite correct. No noise—

no brawls, to further try the nerves of the fair young bride."

"Better get 'em hitched tighter'n the parson's done it, colonel. I wouldn't take his says of or myself."

"That's because your dove isn't willing, Nat.
You'd take her if you could, on any terms." Then a murmur, swelling to a tumult, arose.

"Give us a sight o' the bride, colonel."

"Let's see the beauty!" "Here's to her health
—bring her on the boards!" "The bride! the
bride!"

"Men!" The colonel's voice rung sharp and stern. "Quiet here! The young lady is ill, too ill to appear. Moreover, she is under my protection, and I demand in consideration for The murmur rose again.
"The bridegroom, then." "He's not ill, nor protection, nyther." "Let's see ner that you conduct yourselves civilly.'

under your protection, nyther." "Let's see the cove!" "Trot him out, colonel." "Fetch along the wictim, I say."

The demand ended in a shout and continued to make himself heard again. He retreated angrily, followed by the shouts of the men, and

Sprague sidled out unobserved by another way

to intercent him in the hall "Better let the youngster show himself, They're too far gone to listen to reason. That'll satisfy them, and we'll get the noisy ones down to the cave afterward." Another shout came out, and calls for the bridegroom. The colonel turned in the direc-

tion of the little sitting-room, and in a moment came facing Mrs. Redesdale. She was pale and 'They are calling Louis?"

To touch liquor after the excitement he has gone through would set him wild." Another shout and the trample of feet be-"He must show himself. Mirette. Those ruffians will be in here if he does not. Your

fears on that score are exaggerated to an ex-

"He must not go-you must not let him go.

treme. Just then Louis himself appeared in the pasge. That tumult must be stopped. Go back to Florien, Mrs. Redesdale; she will rouse up in a delirium through such a confusion soon. Are they calling for me? Come, colonel, I am go-

Some of the louder ones among the men were gathered about the doorway, but fell back as

Cheers went up, a toast was offered, and glasses clinked about the board. Louis, stepping forward, uttered a few hearty phrases of acknowledgment, and held aloft the glass which was passed to him filled

"To your future success, my men. And to emphasize the toast, let me first give you a lit-He broke out into a drinking glee, and the

rich baritone voice awoke echoes in the faraway empty rooms. It awoke more than echoes, though none in the rough crowd could suspect it. The mellow tone reaching her thrilled like a shock through the heart of the girl Jack had called Beauty. She sprung up, tottering with the sudden faintness which came over her.

And at that moment the song was hushed.

A yell as of defiance, a stampede, a few shots, and, high and clear over all, the stern command: Surrender, in the name of the law !"

The smugglers were taken entirely un-wares. They were not armed, they were surawares. rounded by superior numbers, overpowered be-fore they recovered from their first surprise. A few escaped out of doors and windows; the rest were immediately handcuffed and a guard stationed over them.

At the first cry of warning, Louis sprung back into the darkness of the passageway, and stood still, waiting an opportunity to gain the room where his mother and Florien were left alone. He could see without being seen the sharp, decisive struggle. In a moment a man wearing the navy blue went down, and one of the snugglers, Nat Grimm, leaped out just as a white face and a mist of floating golden hair

"Come, Beauty, my gal; all's not up yet." He had snatched her in his arms, scarcely im

peded by her struggles, and her cry rung shrilly

'Louis! oh, Louis, help!" It was over in an instant like a flash. The glass, held unconsciously in his tense clasp, its contents unspilled, was flung fairly in her cap-tor's face; Louis struck him one blow in which all his strength was concentrated, and tore the girl's form from his arms.

"Isola! Great God! you here!"
Simultaneously with the shots and the command to surrender, the door of the distant room where Florien lay upon a couch scarcely recovered from her swoon, was tried, and yielding, opened. Mrs. Redesdale glanced around, the startled cry which rose to her lips freezing

there, her face turned gray as ashes.

She was baffled in the very moment of her success. There, already in the room, were the three men—her husband, the man whose name she falsely wore, and Florien's lover.

Aubrey's voice at her side, Aubrey's kisses upon her pallid cheek, Aubrey's tears bedewing her bright hair, were her awakening from the her bright hair, were her awakening from the unconsciousness which had mercifully fallen upon her. Before the impetuous lover even the long-absent father fell back, but after the first shock of surprise, Mrs. Redesdale's countenance—dark with malignity, gleaming with the triumph of malice—turned toward them.

"That is my son's wife, sir. If you can not respect her weakness, her husband will doubtless have satisfaction for the insult."

"Oh, my God!" moaned Florien, shrinking away. "It is true, Aubrey. They forced me to it—they forced me to marry him, but I never consented. Can it be a marriage when I was

Aubrey sprung up to turn fiercely upon the scornfully-smiling woman beyond.

"How dared you—how dared you! Oh, but you shall bitterly rue all this."

Then, while his passionate face was turned to

ward her, the door was flung back and Louis stood there with Isola's form supported in his arms. He was white as the colorless face lying against his breast, and his voice was a hoarse whisper.
"Mother, is this your work? May Heaven

curse you as you have ruined us."

She shrunk a little before the bitter agony of face and voice, but with a glance at Alec Kenyon, who was pressing forward, and a hand put out to restrain him, she turned her hard, un-flinching gaze to meet that of her son.

"Another grave opened—the sea gives back its dead. My work here is ended, I am afraid. My dear son, she is his daughter, Alec Kenyon' daughter by his first wife, as he will tell you-not mine. Since she has the honor of being your lawful wife, the little ceremony of to night can serve as nothing more than a pleasant remembrance, an amusing recollection, the farce following the little drama which has ended in a preposterously old-fashioned way."

In the confusion, the glad excitement, the ex-

planations following, the baffled schemer slipped away. Colonel Marquestone was not among the prisoners taken. He, with a few others, made his way through the tunnel connecting with the cave, and escaped in the smugglers boat. It was supposed that she was with them. Wickedness is sure to bring its own reward; so, though obscurity clouds the fate of these two, we may know that it never could be a pleasant or a bright one.

Aunt Deb rejoiced in the task of nursing Flo-

rien back to perfect health.

Bitterly did Louis Kenyon regret the part he had taken in his mother's plot, but Isola, for-giving and loving, would not listen to his self-reproaches, and had her reward in his idolatrous worship of her. Alec Kenyon could not give up his daughter. So, in enjoying the wealth of which he has come to be the possessor, he has taken the young couple for a pro-longed sojourn in Italy. And Louis is winning fame with his brush, with the one strong love of his life as his truest inspiration.

A little company of three gathered in Miss Deb's parlor, and Miss Deb herself visible through the open door, wearing a softer visage than of old, and speaking more gently, but in other ways unchanged. Mr. Redesdale by the table, lost in the contents of the papers just brought in. Beside the open window, Florien

and Aubrey talking together.
"So soon, Aubrey," she answered something "We are both so young; we can wai

a long time yet." So soon, indeed; and all the chances of losing you, from midnight elopements to bold abductions in open day! We are young, and I am glad that we are. It will give us the more to live our lives out together. Is it yes

She hesitated, and the paper which had shad ed her father's face went down.

Send the presumptuous young puppy abou his business, Florien. After doing without my daughter for eighteen years past, I shall surely claim her for the eighteen to come.

She threw a startled glance toward him, and then turned back to drop her hand into that of

"You'll have to take Aubrey, too, papa Eighteen years, indeed! It's yes, Aubrey." But, after all, it was early winter before the wedding came to pass, not midsummer as he had named. Never a fairer bride wore the orange wreath! never a happier heart beat under fabulously priceless satins and laces! never a prouder, tenderer husband than Aubrey proved

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lynne were at the wedding. And even then loving his wife as he really did, acknowledging the great change for the better she had accomplished in him, Walter could not quite repress a sigh at the remembrance of what "might have been." For Gerry's undisturbed happiness let us hope she did

Eccentric Walter Lynne, the elder, was there too, and he found an opportunity to press a packet into Gerry's hand, as he said

"Wedding gift, Gerry; never gave you one. Just remembered—glad I did. You look uncommonly like your grandmother, to-day, my

The little packet was a deed of gift of his own handsomely-furnished house. They took up their abode there, as he intimated his desire, and now a Walter of the third generation makes the old house ring again with his merry shorts, and Mr. Lynne, senior, no longer bewails the disadvantage of being rich without worthy

of off THE END.

National Peculiarities. - Heinrich Heine, the German wit and poet, gave the following account of the different manner in which En glishmen, Frenchmen and Germans regard lib erty: The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother. And yet, after all, no one can tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconTO A MUMMY IN A MUSEUM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

For thirty centuries, sweet maid,
Thou hast in an old tomb been lying;
A period long, it seems to me.
For one to sumber and be drying.
And whether thou wert brown or fair
I might inquire till distraction;
But this I know that time that flies

Has not improved thy old complexion.

I'd like to know what name you bore;
Were you a princess of great splendor?
Or, did you pace the streets of Thebes
As a sweet-spoken peanut vender?
Didst thou in courtly halls recline,
Which brightly shone with diamonds flashing?
Or didst thou toil at scrubbing floors,
Or do the cooking and the washing?

I wonder if these silent ears
Warmed at some proud young prince's praises,
Or hearkened to the stable boy
Who told his love while washing chaises?
Say, didst thou trend theatric boards,
Or in the temple swing the censor?
Didst thou know Pharoah? (I myself
Know him some dollars' worth); please answer

If they should put thee, maid, to soak,
And bring life back by neeromancy,
So thou couldst open here thine eyes.
Thou wouldst be much surprised, I fancy,
To see the changes Time has made
In modern feminine apparel,
With lace and ribbons by the mile,
And frills and flounces by the barrel.

Thy feet ne'er wore the bon ton shoe, With heels set up a couple o' inches; Thy shoes were not as small as these of later times, by several pinches. 'Twould puzzle thee, indeed, to know The mystery of the modern fashion, Because thou couldst not comprehend, And it would put thee in a passion.

The pride of long descent is thine;
Thy ancestors they knew Cambyses,
And thou hast worshiped at the shrine
And mingled in the rites of Isis.
Yet, here thou standest in the gaze
Of late eyes in a world that's newer,
And like a dunce I've come and gone

And wrote a poem dry as you are Almost Guilty.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"ERLE!" It was simply his Christian name she pro-nounced, but she threw into that word such bitter reproach, such anguished questioning, that he turned his face—so darkly handsome, so proud-half-inquiringly toward her, without,

lowever, a word. You hear me then," she went on; "perhaps I should congratulate myself that Claudia En tressel has not so completely infatuated you as to render you deaf to your wife's voice. Is it not shameful, I say, that a woman must come to her husband and beg for his love? And he giving that love to another—a young girl, whose

bright eyes could allure him from his wife?"
As Editha went on, there was more of actual gony in her trembling voice, and less of conemptuous reproach; and her eyes, blue as a June sky, grew dewy and lustrous with their

It seemed very strange that Erle Gordon did not love her—so beautiful, so womanly, so gen-tly fair, and above all, because she was his very own. But it was the heart-breaking truth Editha had told—bright eyes had lured him, a sweet voice had charmed him—Claudia Entressel, with her strangely fascinating way had won Erle Gordon's allegiunce from Editha.

Months had passed since Claudia came to the Gordon family to be little Erla's instructress; and yet, because her own soul was pure, Editha Gordon had never suspected that the beautiful. graceful woman to whom she had intrusted her little daughter, was scheming and planning. She had completely gained the ascendency over little Erla, who clung to her, and followed her

And then she had captivated Erle-he who was not worthy to be the father of a child of same train Editha's; he who had won her love, and kept died sinceit, the while he was not worthy to touch the white dresses she always wore. But she wor shiped him—to her he was perfection; of him she would believe no guilt, until, all at once like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky, the curtain was withdrawn, and her horrified eyes saw what broke her heart.

It had come to a crisis unexpectedly, sudden-, and very naturally; careful though the twothis false-souled Claudia and her conscienceles lover-had been, they grew used to Editha's utter unsuspicion, and growing used, grew indif

One morning, after Mrs. Gordon had kissed her husband as he started to his business, she gave him a pink moss-bud-a dainty half-blown one it was that she had picked from her favorite rose bush-one that bloomed but seldom that she prized greatly, and her husband knew it, for its rarity as well as beauty and fragrance.

Five minutes later, passing an open door—it was Erla's school-room—she saw Claudia Entressel bending over that rose-bud, caressing and kissing it passionately.

Editha went straight in, pale and wonder-

"Please, where did you get that, Miss En-

Claudia reddened, then paled, then drew haughtily up.
"I do not know that I am under any obliga tion to answer whatever questions you see fit to

put. Mrs. Gordon.' Then tiny Erla's voice chimed in.

your home at noon.

Pa gave Silence, Erla!" and Miss Entressel turned like a whirwind to the little one. "I see," faintly said Mrs. Gordon, and Clau dia saw her reach out her hands for support against the desk. "Erla, close your books lear, and come with me. Miss Entressel, you will find a cheque for the quarter's salary in the parlor as you pass. The next train leaves for

It was very coldly said, perhaps carelessly out, oh, the horror, the agony under the mask All that morning she remained in her room until nearly eleven; then, when she had filled out the cheque, went down into the parlor to await Miss Entressel's departure.

Sitting there in the cool darkness, it seemed as if her very being rose up in jealous, angry rebellion; gradually there dawned upon her the utter enormity of her permitting such a woman as Claudia Entressel to pass through her portals unpunished for the terrible havoc

she had wrought within the threshold. She would punish her, too; aye—and Editha felt her pulse bounding madly in tune with her overloaded heart—she would punish her to the

That was the thought, full-born; Editha Gordon, the gentle, the loving and trusting could deliberately sit and plan, ah! such plots that in after days she strove often to forget.

Then, very quietly, and with supernatural calmness, she went back to her own room, and

Without a quiver, or a tremble of the dainty

perhaps this will serve you until you reach your destination. Pray, help yourself." A trifle paler than usual she was, perhaps,

and her eyes wore a set, steely glitter; otherwise Editha was not moved, even when Claudia Entressel drank the tiny glass of wine, and haughtily ate the cake and fruit, almost as if accepting a great favor.

Then, with a smile on her red lips that Editha

never forget, Claudia bowed herself away. How awfully still the house was after that Editha grew strangely nervous, and started at the slightest sound. She feared to think even of what had happened, what would happen; she dreaded to meet her own eye in the mirror, lest something should be peering over her shoulder, with that mockingly radiant smile

Claudia Entressel had worn. Rapidly the awful horror of what she had done overwhelmed her; as if from a horrid trance she awoke to actual reason, and found her hands encrimsoned with blood.

It was terrible, that hour of silent communion in her bedchamber; there was no respite from the grinning ghouls that her fevered imagination peopled the room with; there was nothing but woe, woe unutterable.

After an hour-it seemed eternity-Editha started for her usual walk in the park; going through the upper hall, she saw the door of her husband's dressing-room ajar, and a light travel-

ing-sachel, partly packed, lying on a chair. In that one moment Editha understood it all; why Claudia had so unreluctantly left Gordon Lodge, why she had gone with that scornful smile on her false lips—even then, Editha realized, with a shivering horror, those ruby red lips might never part in smile or speech

Without a premonitory tap she went in straight up to her husband, pale, trembling, and yet burning with a terrible feverishness, unrest. She addressed him, and as yet he had made her no answer, beyond a sneering laugh in his

"Well," he said, after a time, "do you want me to deny all you have said?" "What good would that do? You are going to her now," then, with a sudden savage fierceness in her words, "that is, if she is not—"

Perhaps her sudden pause, or it may be, by the ominous light that never before had shone in her eyes, but Erle caught her by the armthat dainty, delicate arm, where he left cruel blue marks

"If she is not-what? Answer me, Editha! Have you dared—"

He never finished the sentence on his tongue's

end; for she threw up her hands as if to ward off the utterance of a suspicion her own heart did not dare frame even in thought; then, with her face stony with woe, she clutched blindly for support on the chair, and slid, fainting, to

He rung for a woman to attend Mrs. Gordon and then hastily ordered the carriage for the depot.

It was a fortnight after that when Editha fordon awoke to perfect consciousness, to find little Erla robed in deepest mourning, and the countenance of her nurse the embodiment of

What does it mean?" she whispered, faintly. "Miss Erla's mourning, ma'am! can not bear it-but the truth can be hidden no

Editha struggled up to her elbow

"Yes—what have you to tell? Where is Miss Entressel? Erla—where is—pa—" "Do not talk, dear Mrs. Gordon, and I will tell you all. It was a terrible accident they had on the Erie-and-and Mr. Gordon was killed-' A little moan from Editha as she sunk among the pillows, with quivering lips.

"That is all, Mrs. Gordon, that can affect you personally, Miss Entressel was on the same train, and she was burned frightfully—she Then Editha, with wide eyes, started up.

'She dead? What was the matter?" "Oh! her wounds, my dear, of course. nhaled the flame, you see. But poor Mr. Gordon did not suffer, they say, at all."

She lay back again on her pillow, to try to

Dead-both of them dead! Her husband, whom she had so loved, so vorshiped; his proud head laid low, his perfect

beauty hid away forever.
Oh! the desolation, the desolation! And that other-she who had worked all this ad, pitiful havoc-well, Editha remembered ough she had striven to take from an All-High Power the vengeance he reserved, she had been spared the awful guilt of murder.

But how was it? was she guiltless in intent, if not in result? She could not understand why her awful design failed; she only knew she was saved; that her hands were clean

Later, when she was strong enough to go about her room, her first steps were to her dressing-bureau, where the little box of white powder had lain throughout all the tragedy

that had been enacting.

Not without trembling, Editha essayed to pour it upon the open fire; but her nurse pre-

"Oh, Mrs. Gordon! please do not throw away that cream of tartar! I make use of it

every day "Cream of tartar!" repeated Editha, vaguely. I—I—dreamed it was—was arsenic," she add-

"What an idea! when it's been there, in my drawer, too, these six months, so old Chloe told Arsenic, indeed! who on earth wants arme. senic in their bedroom?"

She remembered it all now; how, a year or so ago, there had been arsenic there, that she used, foolishly, occasionally. Then, deciding to discontinue it, had thrown it away; and, when Chloe left a box of cream of tartar on her toilet-stand one day, she had thrust it in the

drawer, intending it should be taken down. In after days, when she marshaled in memory all those dark hours, she wondered how sh ever contemplated such awfulness; wondered why she paid such utter disregard to the appearances of things; but, most of all, wondered and gave prayerful thanks that she was not altogether guilty, if not quite guiltless.

A Child's Work.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

"Go away! We won't play with you; you're drunkard's child. Your father gets drunk most every day, my father says."

"You
The speaker was a girl of perhaps twelve ought to
years of age. The one addressed was a girl of
his face.

of the disgraced child.

She covered her face with her hands, and turned and ran away from them, never stopping until she reached her mother's side. Then she sunk down sobbing as if her heart

would break. What is the matter with my little girl?"

Mrs. Deane asked, tenderly.

She was a pale, sad-faced woman, with sorrow-haunted eyes. A woman who, without being old in years, was old in sad experiences of

"I went out to play with the girls, and they told me I was a drunkard's daughter, and wouldn't play with me," sobbed Mary, hiding her face in her mother's lap.

"Poor child!"

Mrs. Deane sighed heavily, but she did not

She had found out, by bitter experience, that tears were of but little avail. She stroked Mary's hair, and tried to soothe

her by kind words. But the wound she had received was a deep one.

"Oh, mother, do you suppose father'll ever-give up drinking?" she asked, after a little si-"I don't know," Mrs. Deane answered. "I

hope so. I have prayed for such a blessing more times than I can comprehend. If God heard, he has not answered my prayer yet. He may in his own good time. I can only pray, and hope, and leave the rest to him."

"I can't go to school week-days, nor to school Sundays," said Mary, sighing as no child of her age ought to sigh. "And the children won't play with me, 'cause father drinks. And you can't go to meeting, 'cause you hain't clothes to wear. It's too bad, mother, isn't it?"
"It is a sorrowful way of living," her mo-

ther answered, kissing her. "I do not care so much for myself, but for you. I hate to see the years which should be the brightest ones in your life, darkened and made sorrowful. Oh, if he only would leave off that awful habit."

The words held the pathos and sublimity of prayer.
"What makes Mr. Strong sell liquor, I won-

der?" questioned Mary. "I don't know," her mother answered. "To make money, I suppose. I think a man who can make money by selling that to his fellowman which will ruin his body and soul, must have a heart as hard as any stone.'

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such wicked business?" Mary asked, Maybe he'd quit it if he only knew what misery he was committing. Do you suppose he would?"

'I'm afraid not," answered Mrs. Deane.

Mary sat and thought for a long time after her mother left her. Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind as to the course she should pursue, and she got up and put on her bonnet, and started down the road, without saying any thing to her mo-

Her home had not always been the unhappy one it was then. She could remember the time when her father used to come home from his day's work, sober as any man. Then her mother would meet him at the gate with kisses, and he would take up his child and carry her to the house, and they were all so happy, so

But now! She shuddered when she thought of it. Now she had hardly clothes enough to keep her warm; not enough to enable her to go to school, and for the same reason her mother could not go to church. Now her father often came home the worse for liquor, she could not bear to kiss him with that sickening scent of whisky on his breath. All his earnings, for a

week sometimes, would be spent at the saloon There was but one saloon in the place, but that was enough to circulate a deal of misery

and heart-ache among the neighborhood. When Mary got out of sight of home, she turned off from the road, and knelt down among some bushes and prayed. It was a simple little prayer, but it had something very touching in

it for all that. "Dear Jesus," she said, "please help me. I'm going to try to save my father from being a drunkard, and I can't do it alone. I don't want to be called a drunkard's child, and be laughed at any more. I do want to go to school, and mother wants to go to meeting, and we can't if father keeps on drinking so. Please dear Jesus, help me, and make Mr. Strong stop

selling liquor. Amen. Then she got up, and went on again. She reached the village.

first person she met was a merchan with whom they had often had dealings. Oc-casionally they got things at his store on credit. Mary remembered that there was something due him vet.

"Are you going to the store?" he asked.
"No, sir," she answered.
"All right, then," he said. "I didn't know but you was down after something. I thought I'd tell you that I couldn't let your folks have any thing more until they pay for what they have had. Your father drinks up enough every day to pay me what he owes me."
Mary went on down the street until she came

out, on which was painted in gilt letters: "SALOON!"

Here she stopped, while her heart beat like a cared bird's.

This, then, was what some one who had a strong sense of the fitness of things had called Strong's Hell." Here was where death and ruin to soul and body was sold over the bar at five and ten cents a glass. Mary went in.

A man was standing behind the bar. A man with a not unhandsome face, but one which lacked culture and refinement.

"Are you Mr. Strong?" asked Mary, timidly.
"Yes, that's my name," he answered, pleantly. "What do you want of me?" santly. "You don't look like such a bad man as you ought to, to sell liquor," she said, looking into

A group of children had gathered by the roadside to play. A small house stood near by. From this house the child addressed so rudely had seen them at their sport, and had joined them, to be repulsed by the words with

"Well, we won't play with you, anyway," go to school, because I can't have clothes good enough to wear, and I do so want to learn as other children do. I could, if you wouldn't chorus.

"There! you heard that, didn't you?" cried the girl, to the child of a drinking father. "I hope you're satisfied now. Go along with you; we want to play, and we won't be bothered with you, so now. I'd be ashamed if I were you. You're a drunkard's daughter! Shame!"

Shame!"

She pointed her finger in derision and scorn at the poor girl, and parrot-like, or rather, like children, the others followed her example, and cries of "Shame!" Shame!" rung in the ears of the disgraced child.

sell my father liquor; and mother could go to meeting every Sunday. She used to, before there was a saloon in the place, but now she doesn't. And the children won't play with me. They call me a drunkard's child, and shame me. Father don't seem like the same man he used to be, since he got to drinking. He spends most all of his money here. And we ain't the only ones who suffer so. It's so all through the neighborhood, mother says. Ever so many men drink, who didn't, before you came here. I thought I'd come down here and sell my father liquor; and mother could go to came here. I thought I'd come down here and came here. I thought I'd come down here and ask you to stop selling liquor. Maybe you never thought how much sorrow you was causing. Didn't any one ever tell you? Oh, I cry myself to sleep, lots of times, just because father drinks. I don't want to be a drunkard's child! It's the worst thing in the world, I guess. If father didn't drink so, I know we'd be here were given as we went to be Ah. be happy again, just as we used to be. Ah, Mr. Strong, if you was me, would you want to be made fun of, because your father drinked? If your mother knew what you was doing, don't you think she'd feel sorry? Please, please don't sell any more liquor. you, every night, and so will mother, if you'll only let us have father back, a sober man. Won't you?"

There were tears in Mr. Strong's eyes; her words, full of infinite pathos, struck home, and the man's heart, which was not all bad, smote him. What would his mother say? She had been dead many years, but the memory of her was the tenderest spot in his heart. If she had lived, he might have been a different man. Since her death, he had been drifting hither and thither, and the good impulses of his nature had got choked with tares and brambles.

"Child," he said, with a voice that had a

suspicious quiver in it, "you've given me the best temperance sermon I ever heard, and—you've converted me! Not another drop of liquor shall be sold across my bar. I will close the place to-night. Wait!"

He went out, and took down his sign.

"There!" he said. "You see I mean what I say. Go home, child, and tell that mother of yours that she need fear nothing from me. I shall not stand between your father and the sober life which was his in the days when you were happy. Don't forget to pray for me. I am not all bad yet, and such prayers as yours may help me to be a better man."

"I wish you'd let me kiss you," she said.

"I love you, and I like to kiss folks I love."

He bent down and caught her in his arms, and the kissed him. Some warm toers fell up.

and she kissed him. Some warm tears fell upon her face. They were promises of a better Some old topers were horrified to miss the

sign from the place where they had been in the habit of imbibing, and still more horrified to find that the place was closed forever.
"I have been converted," Strong said. "I have concluded to change my business, and have taken down my 'guide-board.'" For some one had characterized his sign as a

ide-board to hell." Mary's home is a happy one now, for, with the temptation out of the way, John Deane has gone back to his sober ways again.

And a child's work, under God, wrought the

ALL ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.-III.

CANARIES propagate readily and can be raised easily, in fact with scarcely any trouble at all on the part of the possessor. They are such eneral favorites that a desire is often expressed y those who have only one or two to raise thers, to bring up a family of these beautiful There is no difficulty in attempting the work, and it is a wonder that more are not raised by amateurs. A few instructions, which are very simple and easily performed, will enable a person to raise a nice stock of canaries provided the parent birds are suitably matched. It is necessary, in breeding them, to have the male and female of good song that the future birds may become good singers. They must be placed in separate cages hanging near each other, in the month of February, for at this period of the year they are usually strong and healthy, having finished shedding their feathers. Allow them to remain a week or so in the separate cages, and if, during this time, they begin to call and try to reach each other, they can be placed in a breeding cage. If the billing and cooing is still kept up, a nest-box must be put in the cage. The best material to make a nest of is Manilla hemp, cut into small pieces about an inch in length, unraveled and separated into shreds. In working with the hemp and carrying it they are apt to turn it out on the floor of the cage, but let them do so for a few days and they will soon pick up the bits to fix their nest. When you find that they are really making their nest, take the box out of the cage, make a nest in it yourself, and replace the box in the cage when it is finished. About a week after the birds commence to build their nest they lay their eggs, usually four or five in number. birds require to be watched, as they often pick the eggs and break them soon after they are laid. If either the male or female bird should do so, one of them must be removed and another of the same sex put in the cage. In about two weeks the eggs are hatched. The about two weeks the eggs are hatched. old birds must still be watched, for it frequently happens that they will take the young birds out of the nest, sometimes killing them. Should this occur, the bird doing it must be removed, and the remaining bird will take care of the young birds. The bird that is removed, however, must be placed in another room where he can not hear the bird in the cage call or sing. The best kind of food for the young birds

a hard boiled egg, both the yolk and white chopped into small pieces and mixed with a spoonful of finely rolled cracker. Put the mixture in a small cup in a part of the cage where the old birds will not throw dirt in it, and they to a place where there was a flaming sign hung will feed it to the young ones. A cabbage leaf placed between the wires is very good as a dessert. Avoid giving them apples or fruit, for these substances are apt to scour the birds, making them weak and sickly, but when they become full fledged they can have these treat occasionally. As soon as the young birds come out of the nest, an extra nest should be put in the cage that the old pair can lay another batch of eggs. This precaution is necessary as they frequently push the young birds out of the nest before they are able to feed themselves, in order to lay their eggs. The young birds must be kept in the cage until they can help themselves and are able to eat without the assistance of the old pair. It is often the case that the fledglings have their feathers picked out by the old birds before they can feed themselves; if this happens, a small cage can be placed or suspended adjoining the other cage and the young birds put in it, when the old

stant Frenchmen may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. But the Graman will never quite abandon his old grandmother; he will take the train at lunch time, in the property of the property